YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY

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By the men . . for the men in the service

INFORMATION BOOTH

In the North African desert, Sgt. Robert Miller, of Cranston, R. I., finds further confirmation of a fact he already knew—that it's a long way home.

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A WEEK OF WAR

Russia Rolls Into High Striking Nazis On Two Fronts As Snow Falls

RUSSIA

Moscow Makes Merry

REPORTS FROM Moscow were jubilant. Through wet falling snow, freezing wind, and heavy fog the Russian winter offensive, they claimed, was rolling in high gear, encircling and trapping German forces, killing and capturing huge numbers of Nazis. In the bend of the Don River and to the north around Rzhev the great armies were fighting desperate battles.

The Russians were not trying to push the Germans back to the West, but to annihilate their forces. There was no single clear front, since many columns were involved, driving on strategic towns and rail centers, encircling, mopping up pockets of trapped Nazis. Russia claimed 108,000 dead and captured in the first nine days fighting in the Don River region and another 15,000 in the North.

The Red Army force which had crossed the Don River a hundred miles to the Northwest of Stalingrad was driving South and at the same time fanning out to the east to close a trap on the attackers of Stalingrad and press them from the rear. Another force which originated Southeast of Stalingrad drove North to close the circle, and also fanned out to the Southwest, driving along the railway that leads to Rostov. The defenders of Stalingrad also were on the offensive, pushing back the Germans there and taking back the piles of stone that had once been factories.

Moscow reported that the two forces had cut the last important communications and supply lines of the Nazi siege army. If this were so, the 300,000 men before Stalingrad were now attacked from all directions. They could either fight their way from the trap, or hold on a. d wait for relief.

After a week of offensive in the South, Russia revealed another drive in the North. They had broken through German fortifications near the railroad town of Velikiye-Luki, West of Rzhev and only 90 miles from the Latvian border.

The Germans were not yet beaten. Schooled in blizzard warfare by the hard winter of 1941, they fought back fiercely, counter-attacking in many places. Handicapped by the shifting of their first string air forces to the Mediterranean theater, they nevertheless made good use of the bad weather to retard the Russian advance. Though many communications lines were cut, they were not disorganized. Even in retreat they were dangerous. The Russians still face a lot before they can reach their presumed objective of Rostov and cut off the Germans in the Caucasus.

FRANCE

Hitler Grabs And Misses

EVER since France fell in June, 1940, Hitler has eyed the French fleet at Toulon, wondering how to get his hands on it. Ever since that date the French Navy has been trying to keep out of his clutches. When finally he made a grab for it, the French thwarted him by scuttling the ships.

The only reports on the dramatic incident so far have come from the Nazi controlled Vichy radio or from Berlin itself and are unconfirmed by any Allied authorities. Hence it is difficult to report how complete is the destruction of the fleet. But this much seems clear: a good part of the Toulon fleet lies at the bottom of the harbor, although a few ships escaped.

Early in the morning of Nov. 27 Hitler broke his word that he would not occupy Toulon and sent troops into the city to take the fleet. The French were ready. Sailors opened the seacocks and set off explosive charges in their ships. Shore and naval batteries demolished coastal installations. French ships turned their guns on each other to hasten the sinkings. Vichy reports that by 10 A.M. not a warship was afloat in the harbor. Berlin quickly countered that their sappers had boarded some of the ships before the vessels could be destroyed.

The French radio narrated glowing reports of the heroism of French sailors. Some, it was said, held off the Germans with rifle fire while the scuttling was in progress. Every French captain reportedly went down with his ship. The harbor was described as hopelessly blocked by smouldering hulks. Before long the radio that was giving these reports was shut off the air.

Reports of the scuttling were greeted skeptically in some quarters as Axis propaganda with a purpose. But the Allies credited an effective blow against Hitler, who needed the ships more than did the Allies. They hoped too that as a result of this gesture of defiance, other units of the French fleet in the Allied ports of Alexandria, Oran, Casablanca, Dakar and Martinique would soon fight with the Allied cause.

AFRICA

Three Pronged Thrust

IN A little corner of Tunisia the German Army fought with its back to the sea as the Allied war machine deliberately closed in. The battle for Bizerte and Tunis had none of the blitz characteristics which marked the first stage of the invasion of North Africa but as it gained intensity and approached a climax, the Allied plan appeared to be unfolding on schedule.

The Allied drive was a three pronged thrust. The Southern prong struck toward the Gulf of Gabes, where Germans still were disembarking. The two Northern spearheads met stiffer fighting and turned back one Axis armored column in their advance. One Allied column reached Djedeida, about ten miles West of Tunis, cutting railroad connections between Tunis and Bizerte and putting Tunis within the range of big guns. The other force forged slowly anead near Mateur, another railroad center 28 miles South of Bizerte. Axis forces were thus divided and bottled in two pockets along the coast.

For those who were disappointed in the slowness of the drive after the whirlwind attack in other French colonies, several explanations were found. First, the Allies no longer had the element of surprise. The Germans were able to ferry many men and a good deal of equipment, including tanks, to Tunisia by plane or boat. Second, the British First Army and the accompanying American Air Forces and mobile units were required to use a constantly extending supply line. Finally the weather favored the defense more than the offense, as heavy rains turned the roads into mud.

NEW GUINEA

Fight For Buna

ON A little strip of New Guinea running 15 miles from Gona to Buna, American and Australian soldiers fought a Bataan in reverse. The Japs held a foothold on the island and were determined not to lose it. The Allies advanced step by step.

While the Japanese retreated over the Owen Stanley mountains from their advance to within 32 miles of Port Moresby last summer, they had plenty of time to prepare good defensive positions in Buna. A carefully planned network of foxholes, concrete pill boxes, trenches, and machine gun emplacements was concealed in the dense jungle.

While American and Australian ground forces pushed ahead a few yards at a time, American bombers pounded Jap defenses, chased away ships bringing reinforcements, and battered Jap airfields to the North near Lae. Transport planes dropped food and munitions to the Allied fighters. Whenever bad weather held Allied planes at their bases across the island, Zeros strafed the attackers.

Buna is only a little town of a few thatched huts. Its value to the Japs is as a beachhead. But the Japs appeared willing to sacrifice every last man before they let go. General MacArthur in his advance headquarters faced a tough fight. But this time he had the men and materiel to win.

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Hongkong Killer

A TEXAS BOY BLASTS FOUR JAP PLANES OUT OF THE CHINA SKY

By SGT. JOHN BARNES
YANK's China Correspondent

SOMEWHERE IN CHINA—I found him as he was cleaning and oiling his babies, the twin 50-calibers mounted in the power-operated upper turret in "06", the B-25 that was General Haynes' ship and the lead plane in the Hongkong raid.

His name is Tech Sergeant N. G. Stubblefield, and he is the mechanic and top turret gunner who had knocked down four Japs while beating off repeated attacks on his ship. In the final count he had official confirmation on two of the Zeros with the other two listed as probables and he had won the praise of the entire personnel of the mission.

In the words of Col. "Butch" Morgan, bombardier chief of Stubblefield's outfit and bombardier-navigator on the ship that Stub was in:

"It was one of the coolest exhibitions under fire that I've ever seen. He just kept his eye glued to the sight and blasted each one of them in turn. They were all around us but Stubblefield just picked out one target at a time and poured it on until the Jap went down. I've recommended him for one of the highest awards possible to achieve and I think he deserves it as much as anyone possibly could."

Stub didn't think so much of his part in the raid when I asked him about it. His was the idea that it was just part of the day's work and that was about all. He was glad, though, that he was doing a good job. Gunnery is pretty much of a cinch when you have a pilot like Haynes, was about the only comment that he made without my pumping the story out of him.

After plenty of questioning I finally found out that he was from Dallas, Tex., had enlisted in the army at 19, had three and a half years service, had come across the ocean in May with the same B-25 squadron as a mechanic and gunner, and was ready and willing for more missions like the Hongkong raid.

This is his story of the raid as he saw it from his position in the top of the lead ship of the first element:

"I left a South China air base about eight in the morning, stopped at an advance base and refueled and started off for our objective at about eleven or eleven thirty.

"I, for one, and most of the other crew members, too, didn't know what our objective was. They don't tell us much for fear of it leaking out. In fact, about the only ones who really know in advance are the chief pilots and the navigators. They have to know to get us there."

He was in the lead ship with Brig. Gen. Caleb V. Haynes of Mount Airy, N. C., as pilot; Major D. E. Bailey of Burley, Idaho as co-pilot; Col. H. Morgan, Jr., of Freedom, Penn., as bombardier-navigator, and Sergeant P. N. Boudreaux as radio man and bottom gunner.

"We saw the usual China scenery, paddy fields, rolling hills, crooked roads and villages went sweeping by under the belly as we cruised along," Stub said. "Finally we swept over Canton and when I saw there was no indication that this was to be our objective, was I glad! Going that direction there was only one other spot we could be headed for and that was Hongkong. We'd passed over it a couple of times in making raids on Canton but we'd never dropped anything on it and the place was just asking to be bombed.

"As we headed out to sea toward the great island city we cleared for action. 'Newsreel' Wong, an American newsreel cameraman who was riding in our plane, kept us posted about the area. Hongkong was his home before the invasion of the Japanese. His wife and child had only recently been able to get out of the city and Wong got a great kick out of being in on the crack at his old home.

"We came in at about 18,000 and headed right for the Kowloon docks and installations. As we were the lead element we went right in for our run with the other three elements following behind and the pea shooters under Col. Robert L. Scott hanging overhead as our protective screen against the Zero opposition we were almost sure to meet.

"I could see the bomb bursts right in the center of the target area as we finished our run. Don't let anyone tell you different, that Colonel Morgan can really plant 'em.

"We pulled up, made a turn to the right and boy, we ran right into them. Here they came, hell bent for destruction, at least 25 or 30 of them. From the direction that they came, they must have followed us from Canton. I don't know whether they knew General Haynes, Colonel Morgan and Major Bailey were all in that lead ship or not, maybe it was just the fact that we were the lead ship, but they were sure doing their best to knock us down.

"They were about on our level and coming in fast so the general just shoved the nose down and got them above and behind us so I had a good view and I cut loose. 'Newsreel' got some fine shots of the first one that I nailed. He was above and a little in front of us when I got him in the sights and opened up. I followed him around as we turned a little and as he was dropping back he just blew up in the air. Wong got pictures of the whole thing and I sure hope the folks at home will get to see them.

"I turned around after watching the wreckage of the first one falling and there sat an I-45 right above and behind us. All I had to do was swing the turret and I had him full on. He took the first burst right in the guts, dropped off on one wing and, when he was about half way down,

Here is T Sgt. Stubby Stubblefield from Dallas, Tex., and his "babies," the two 50-caliber machine guns in the top turret of General Haynes' B25. When Stubby used these guns to knock down four Jap ships in a recent raid on Hongkong, his colonel called it "one of the coolest exhibitions under fire I have ever seen."

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he came all to pieces. Those Jap planes just come all apart when you really pour the lead into them.

"We were heading home now and really had the coal on. The Nips were stringin' out a little and sniping at our wing planes when I got the last pair. I caught the first one when he swung in to 'pass' at our left wing man. He just flew into the sights and fell right out when I let him have it. I didn't get to see whether he fell all the way or not. I had to swing the old turret around after one of them that was coming in on our right wing man. He dropped off at the first burst and went into a glide toward the ground. I don't care so much for the credit but I sure hope they both got hit and hit hard.

"We were all straightened out for home under full gun when the last element under—Captain Holstrom, who was with Doolittle in Tokyo raid fame—was finishing its run. They were really catchin' hell but they were dishin' it out too. I could see all the guns on all three ships going full blast. The last element was the only one that could use their wobble guns because none of our guys were behind them.

"That last bunch was the only group of our squadron to lose a plane although we heard later that the pea shooter gang had lost Lieutenant Sher as he was trying to keep the 'Zeros' off our wounded B-25. (But Lt. Scher walked into a Chinese village afterward and got back safely to the field.)

"We hadn't been hit much at all considering the lead that had been thrown at us, but one bullet had entered the fuselage about eighteen inches from where 'Newsreel' Wong was sitting. I didn't show it to him until we were on the ground. It might not have helped his work much.

"That's about all there was to it. It was one of the most successful raids we've pulled but it's only the beginning. As long as the little bastards are over there, we're gonna be going to them.

"I guess the folks at home are getting better and faster accounts of our work than we thought they were. When I got back to the home field we had started from there was a wire from mother congratulating me and telling me to get another one for her. I'll do my damnedest to get it for her next time out and you can take it from me, there's going to be plenty more next times."

I left him sitting astraddle of the back of the B-25, still working over his guns. I think that if the Japs are smart they will lay off bombers with the motto on the side in big red lettering, "Obliterators Excuse Please."

In Next Week's YANK

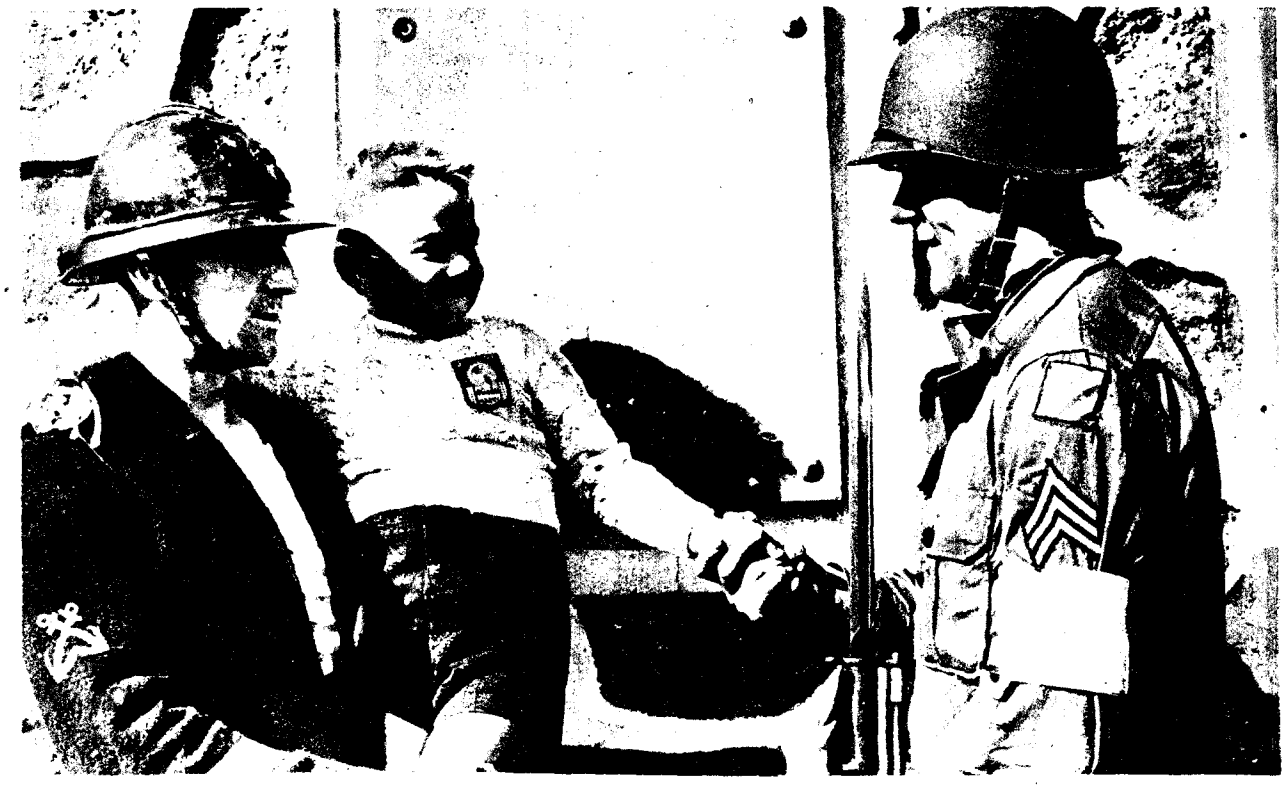
CAN YOU GET YOUR OLD JOB BACK AFTER THE WAR?

DO YOU HAVE TO PAY YOUR OLD INCOME TAX?

DOES YOUR WIFE HAVE TO MEET THE LAST FOUR INSTALLMENTS ON THAT NEW REFRIGERATOR?

In next week's issue, YANK answers these and other legal questions affecting the typical soldier in a straightforward interview with the man who knows those answers better than anyone else——

ATTORNEY GEN. FRANCIS BIDDLE



A welcome for the Americans in Morocco: French sailor and son greet a genial sergeant.

Yanks at Home and

Aussie Scouts in New Guinea Patrolled All Around the Japs

SOMEWHERE IN NEW GUINEA—When the story of the Jap invasion and withdrawal from New Guinea is written a lot of credit will go to the Aussie scouts who kept the Allies posted on the location and strength of the enemy.

When Port Moresby received its sporadic bombings an Aussie scout high in the Owen Stanley range radioed to his base each time a Jap formation left an airdrome. The result was that ack-ack and fighter pilots were ready before the Zeros struck. Of course, the Japs tried to get the spotter, who lived for weeks in the jungle with his native carriers, but he was never under the same tree twice and the Japs were always late.

Aussie scout units often operate with as few as three men. On one occasion Cpl. Theo Wyatt, who hails from the back bush of Australia, pene-

trated the line near Kokoda with two cobbers and worked deep in Jap territory for weeks. One day, stepping from behind a tree, Wyatt found himself face to face with a Jap. The corporal beat the invader to the draw.

At another time Wyatt and his friends, a lieutenant and a private, were camped in the jungle when the Japs discovered they were in the vicinity. A Jap patrol started to shoot wildly, hoping the Aussies would return the fire and thus give away their location. That was one occasion when Wyatt's patrol decided not to shoot it out.

The little group continued to harass the Japs, narrowly escaping capture on several occasions. They concealed their camp in a gully while the Japs combed the jungle for days. Finally the enemy trailed them to their camp, taking frequent pot shots at them. Wyatt's sleeve was grazed by a bullet. Their strategy called for a hurried withdrawal, and they escaped with only the clothing they wore and a tommy gun. The shavetail's clothing wasn't much. He was bathing when the Japs arrived, and he fled with only his towel draped around his torso. After hiding for three days and traveling by night, without food, the scouts returned to their base.

Yanks, too, have come in for their share of close calls in New Guinea, but they have also established a reputation for novel methods of fighting. For instance, Lt. Jim Miller of Salinas, Calif., was ordered to attack the Wairopi bridge, over which the Japs brought supplies to their troops in the mountains. Miller roared over the wooden bridge and dropped a bellyful of gasoline from his Kittyhawk. Then he swung around and sprayed the gasoline-soaked wood with incendiary bullets. Exit the Wairopi bridge.

YANK FIELD CORRESPONDENT

They've Got Spurs & Sixpence But They Haven't Any Bonds Today

SOMEWHERE IN AUSTRALIA—American troops in this part of Australia are uncomplainingly singing and dancing to the music of last year's hits. "Daddy" appears to be the latest U. S. ditty to hit these shores, while anything as late as "Tangerine," "Dear Maw," or "Miss You" is unknown. Only recently-arrived Yanks have heard "Jingle Jangle Jingle," but we've all picked up some new Australian songs, including a little number called "When A Boy From Alabama Meets A Girl From Gundagai."

A militaristic tune, "The Aussies And The Yanks Are Here," written by a doughboy on the convoy coming over, received quite a welcome when first published. For want of anything else, we're running to parodies, including one based on "California, Here I Come." It goes "Port Moresby, here we come, Going to the place we wanna be from. . . ." Most of the verses would have to be edited out.

We have a childish little tune called "I Got Sixpence, Jolly, Jolly Sixpence," which is just as remote from the war as "Jingle Jangle Jingle."

One Australian newspaper recently boasted that Irving Berlin's latest tune is soon to be released here. The Tune: "Any Bonds Today?"

CPL. CLAUDE RAMSAY
YANK FIELD CORRESPONDENT

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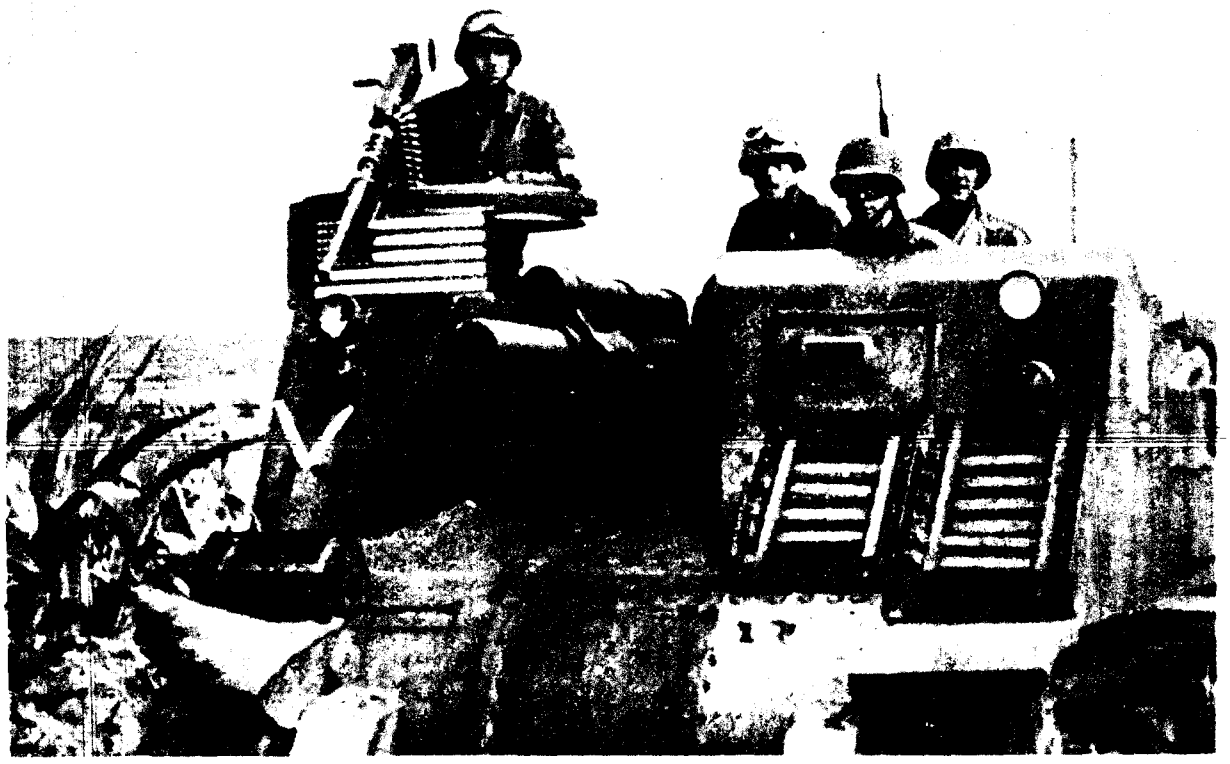


Wicked-looking American tank destroyer comes to a halt in Algeria, ready for any trouble.

Abroad

OUR MEN REPORT ON THE STATE OF THE WORLD ON MATTERS RANGING FROM AUSSIE SCOUTS TO BENGAL LANCERS

Yanks and French Get Along In Oran Like Old School Chums

By SGT. ROBERT NEVILLE
YANK Field Correspondent

WITH THE U.S. CENTER TASK FORCE, ORAN—By wireless—Americans and Frenchmen are having a wonderful time getting acquainted even at this late date—two weeks after the cessation of resistance. The North African affair, at least in this sector, has really been more like a reception than an invasion. Oran, which a fortnight ago might have been called a citadel of French fascism, is now cooperating fully with our armed forces. For their part, Americans are meticulously treating Frenchmen not as a conquered people but as allies.

I myself listened to a dozen Frenchmen tell how glad they were to have us with them. Almost any Frenchman you meet, provided he thinks you understand his language, will bend your ears backwards and forwards, explaining how welcome you are. On the other hand, Americans are finding the French interesting and even exciting and have already taken to a number of French ways, including outdoor cafes and *urinoirs*.

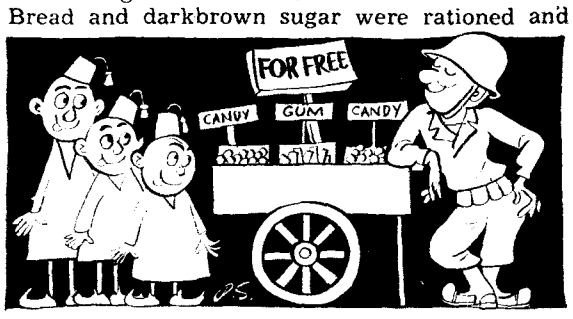
Hitler can enter foreign countries armed with bales of high-powered propaganda, but Americans stuff their pockets with goodies for distribution to the half-starved population. A half-dozen chocolate bars are worth more than a million pamphlets.

From the moment they arrived on the beaches until now, our troops have given away tons of candy, gum and cigarettes. In the initial five-mile African march this correspondent surrendered six packages of gum to the outstretched palms of wayside urchins. Once inside Oran he was persuaded to part with many chocolates and his cigarette reserve. As a result of American philanthropy, any Yank who doesn't have a dozen children trailing him is lonesome.

Tolerant Frenchmen are more amused than annoyed by good-natured Americans, even though we are boisterous at times. Some Yanks, alas, have yet to learn that there is a limit to a man's capacity for wine. The Special Services booklet on North Africa was distributed to every man who landed, and almost everyone followed its excellent advice about handing out cigarettes and leaving Moslem women alone. One thing that was sadly lacking was a small French-English vocabulary for handy use; consequently a Yank with as little as a year of high school French was in great demand.

This correspondent acted as an unofficial interpreter for 100 troops engaged in sending out laundry, buying dates, changing dollars into francs, haggling over the price of costume jewelry and bargaining for oranges and tangerines. Franco-English dictionaries are no longer available at the stores, and one local paper upped its sales by printing daily glossaries of familiar terms. Vendors who sell those French postcards are doing a brisk business. Most men have stored away their shoeshine equipment in favor of Arab bootblacks, who take a boundless zeal in keeping Yank G.I. kickers shining.

North Africans had been robbed by the Axis for so long that when we came food was scarce. Bread and darkbrown sugar were rationed and



almost non-existent. Butter was unknown, chocolate was unheard of, and meat was practically inedible and all this in a region of agricultural plenty.

Food is already more plentiful, and the recently announced arrival of 1200 pounds of tea, 5000 pounds of sugar and 4000 pounds of rice has gone a long way toward remedying the situation. Yanks have agreed to cut their milk ration in half so that Oran's children will be supplied. There are few good restaurants here, and those few are terribly overcrowded. It's virtually impossible for a mere enlisted man to get served. But Army rations never tasted as good as they do here. Just to give you some idea of how attractive the chow is that is served up to us, there is always a gallery of hungry native onlookers, grabbing leftovers and even the empty slop-buckets. A recently acquired unofficial member of the detachment is a chocolate-colored Arab who somehow got hold of G.I. shoes and fatigues. He proudly wears them along with a red *tarbush*, and as a token of his thanks he now keeps intruders away from us.

In a few months North Africa should again experience the satisfaction of a full stomach. Already, in a surprisingly short period, the towns are regaining their composure. Cafes are reopening, streetcars are running again, vendors are hawking their wares in the parks and even the oldest profession is blooming under the new regime.

Last Sunday American bands gave a concert and ended with the "Marseillaise" and "The Star-Spangled Banner." As things settled down, Yanks began to get occasional passes. The Red Cross then opened an enlisted men's recreation room in Oran, in an old showroom for Renault cars. The French Red Cross divvied a piano, a radio, a phonograph, tables and chairs, while the libraries of incoming ships were ransacked for magazines and books. Even French troops now patronize the room and join in community singing.

In a recent ceremony a detachment of our infantry and some French Zouaves, who had been fighting each other only 14 days before, marched into the Place de la Bastille and presented arms while French and American flags were unfurled simultaneously. The boulevards cheered wildly. The scarlet field caps of the Zouaves contrasted brilliantly with American olive drab, making a colorful African picture.

Hitler's radio has been shooting about disorder and chaos in North African cities. 'Taint so.

The AAF Polices Up the Area Where Bengal Lancers Lanced

A YANK AIRBASE IN INDIA (By Cable)—American troops in India are living in quarters running the whole range from modern hotels in New Delhi to bamboo huts in the mountains of the Napa head hunters. Few, however, can touch the military surroundings of this Army Air Forces base where G.I.'s are occupying old-fashioned brick barracks that once quartered the Bengal Lancers.

The stone-floored squad rooms and white-washed walls once echoed the Cockney accents of London lance corporals and the burrs of Edinburgh sergeants. Now they resound to the drawl of a Memphis staff sergeant and the modulations of a Jersey City peefcee.

Before the First World War this was a training camp for mounted lancers, including the 17th Hillidar Cavalry Regiment immortalized by Yeats Brown in his book, "Lives of a Bengal Lancer." Led by British officers and noncoms, the Pathan horsemen made up one of the most colorful fighting units of the Royal Army. Their corrals, stables, parade grounds, and guard house are still here.

Kipling is probably turning in his grave at the use to which these installations are being put by Yankee airmen. The stables are garages for jeeps and recon cars that bounce over roads once trod only by sleek horses. The parade grounds, where the Afridi Risaldarmajors and Wizir Lancedafadars once stood review with their mounts is cut up into slit trenches with a basketball court in the center.

A British sergeants' mess built in 1903 serves as a kitchen for G.I. slumgullion, eaten in mess kits on the verandas of a building which once served as regimental headquarters for the Hillidar cavalry unit. The cell rooms of the guard house are now quartermaster warehouses, where spare parts, oil drums, jeep tires and the like are kept behind barred doors. The rusty floor rongs serve as reminders that these cells once housed ball and chain occupants. The guard room where the lancers slept in rope beds during off-duty hours is the camp hospital, with pretty American nurses tending the sick, lame and lazy G.I.s.

On the verandas of the officers' club, where lancer colonels with chain mail epaulets, turbans and cummerbunds once sipped their whiskey in the cool of the evening, khaki-clad Joes from the States now inhale rum cokes and Manhattans. And, incidentally, this enlisted men's club is the only one in India specializing in American drinks, served by American bartenders.

One thing remains constant from the days of the Bengal lancer to the days of the American flier—both griped about the chow. Latrine rumor

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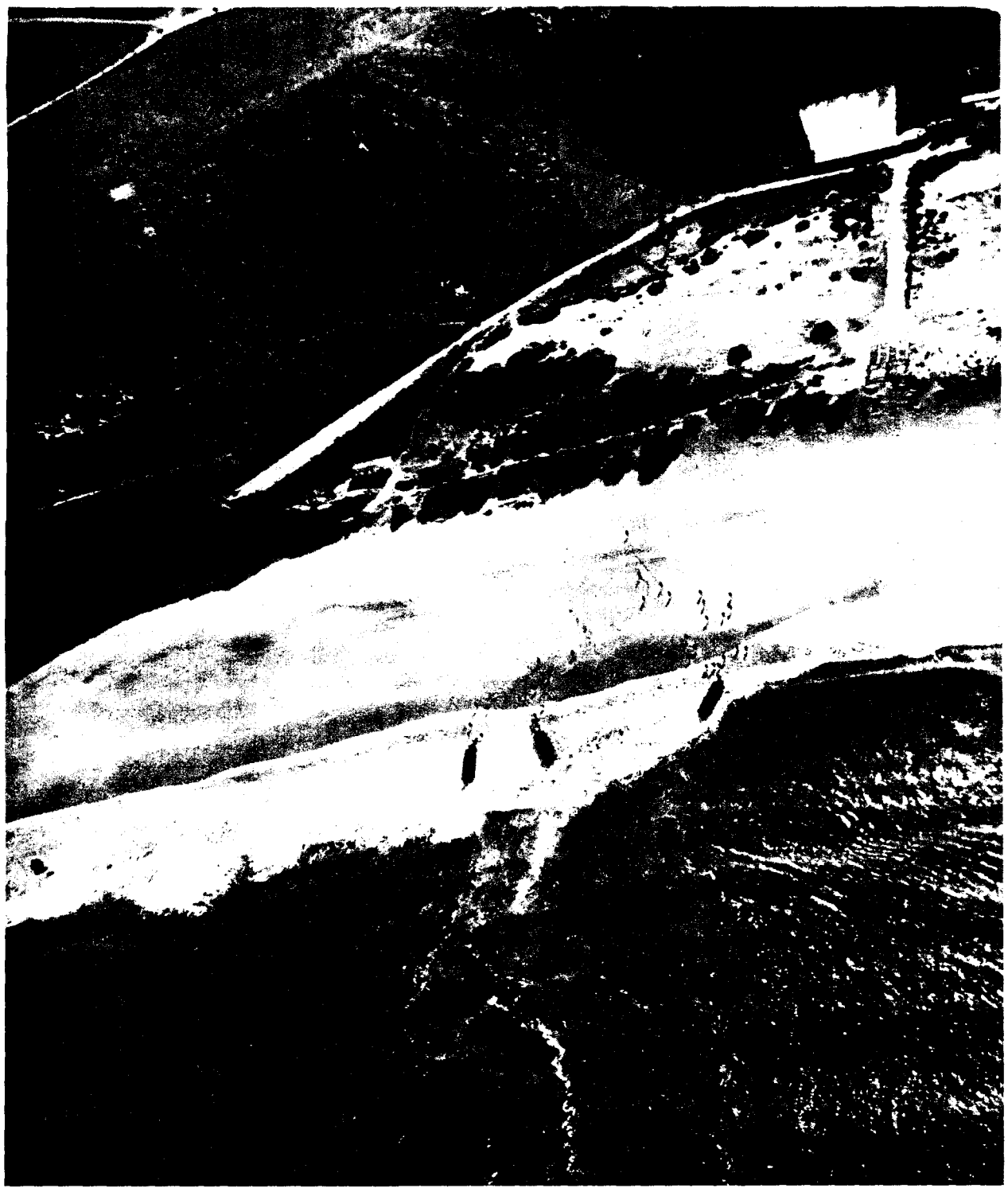

Splendid airview was made as AEF landed near Casablanca. First men have just left the boats.

intimates that one Mess Sergeant Garand supplies fried chicken on Sundays not from a nearby barnyard flock but from hovering vultures that swoop too low near the mess hall.

Other chow hounds insist that the twice-daily main courses of "hump" are not just tough pork, but camel or water buffalo. Certain logical-minded gripers bet on buffalo because of the present shortage of camels in the vicinity. However, a certain Chicago corporal has solved the difficult masticating problem and absorbed a little Hindu philosophy in the bargain.

"Me and my buddy take turns chewing the hump," he says, "and then we toss a coin to see who swallows it. But after breaking off two upper teeth, I can understand why Hindus over here are strict vegetarians."

YANK FIELD CORRESPONDENT

The M/Sgt. Who Sinned, or The Weak and Windblown Bugler

SOMEWHERE IN ICELAND—A couple of hut leaders in Headquarters Company, HQ, had the back of the CO's hand administered to them the other Sunday morning—a gray day—for permitting their pulses and respiration to idle along at the dark reveille hour. It did no good for them to argue that wind and rain stole decibels from the company bugler. Somebody's got to get the men in those huts up for formation in the mornings, and that means you, quoth the CO.

A competition for the pinkest young master sergeant in the Army is all very well, but let it here be proposed that we start another contest: Find the most humiliated master sergeant. From the outset it's no contest, for we've found him. He was one of the two hut leaders. The other was only a staff sergeant. They were both restricted to camp and promised company punishment. The staff sergeant, a usually conscientious guy from Little Falls, N. Y., figured to avoid recurrences by throwing his alarm clock away and sitting up all night, but the master sergeant, Andy from Baltimore, never depends on alarm clocks. He still trusts bugles.

"The bugler must be getting weak," the major told them as they stood in the orderly room, a couple of stoical ramrods. "Nevertheless, hut leaders *will* get up for reveille, and *you* will be restricted for two weeks and receive C.P."

Completely gigged, Andy returned to his bed to reconcile himself to the lot that usually falls to buck privates. The lack of passes means little to him because, as he said, "I haven't put in for a #'&—$"# pass since June."

Andy has a possibly valid alibi for his deflection: his association with an Engineer sergeant from Chicago, recently removed from the same hut.

M/Sgt. Andy (rear) and friends at hard labor.

This sergeant left his mark behind in the shape of flowery mottoes, and judging from two surviving examples, it may be that Andy has been discouraged from getting up, lest some morning he should discover a new addition to the collection.

Obviously chief of the hut's Department of Subterfuge and Innuendo, the departed sarge left these neatly printed legends:

1. (On a window) *Adhere assiduously to allowing zephyrs to flush the hut.*
2. (On the ceiling near a waste can) *Deposit aggregate of amorphous substance in receptacles provided.*

And where has the Chicago sergeant gone? Why, to OCS, but indubitably. The master sergeant remains behind, alone with his shame.

YANK'S ICELAND CORRESPONDENT

Yanks Send Koalas to Keokuk And Black Opals to Oklahoma

SOMEWHERE IN AUSTRALIA (By Cable)—All the gifts that go over the water these days aren't coming from home to us. We get our cigarettes and our socks, true enough, but the exotic stuff we ship back home makes cigarettes and socks look pretty tame. For instance, the three biggest sellers among the things Yanks are buying to send to the folks are stuffed koala bears, black opals and boomerangs. They're all peculiar to Australia.

Koala bears served as the original models for Teddy bears, so popular with American children. Soldiers are buying them for three or four bucks to send to girl friends, wives and children. Black opals are leaving the jewelry stores by hundreds. Wartime Australia considers the mounting of precious stones as a non-essential industry, so Yanks buy them unmounted and send them home to be put into rings, pendants and brooches. Most stones cost only a few dollars here. Boomerangs are selling faster than they can be made. One store sold its entire stock—six dozen—in a week, and could have sold twice that many had they been available. Instructions accompany each boomerang, as the manufacturers do not approve of throwers getting conked on the bean. They sell as cheaply as $1.25.

Expense is no object to Yanks who get to town from bush camps and advanced areas. A costly 70-year-old collection of aboriginal weapons had collected dust on exhibition in a big store for years; then Americans swooped in and bought out the collection with fistfuls of pound notes. In the meantime, they raided perfume counters to buy the costliest French perfume available.

One colored soldier walked up to a counter in a department store and asked for a fancy brassiere for a girl in Alabama. When he was asked the size he wanted he scratched his head and said, "Well, miss, I kin jes' about git my arms aroun' her."

He had long arms, too.

YANK FIELD CORRESPONDENT

Dumbo Is a Lucky Dog, But Eggnog Is a Boozer

A U. S. MEDIUM BOMBER STATION IN THE WESTERN DESERT—Men at this station are subscribers to the "Wake Up and Live" theory after the experience of "Dumbo," their canine mascot.

Dumbo, accompanying the boys as usual on an operational flight, was on his bed of an old sweater and coveralls in a corner of the bomber. As the plane came over its target Dumbo got up, yawned, and stretched. As he did a hunk of shrapnel from the flak ripped through his bed, right in the spot where he had been curled up a moment before.

The incident didn't faze Dumbo. He claims as many, or more, action hours than any of the many flying dogs in the desert air task force. A member of a numerous local breed the men call "desert-dogs," Dumbo was picked up while a pup, and to date has accompanied the boys on 19 missions, including one crash landing.

Another animal which has gained a name for itself is a large duck which serves as a mascot for the men of a South African squadron. Yanks who have visited the squadron report that the South Africans have taught the duck—named "Eggnog"—to drink beer from a can. They say Eggnog sticks the tip of his bill into the triangular hole an opener makes and tips the can up by himself. After one can Eggnog waddles around with a dreamy look on his face, snapping at flies.

YANK FIELD CORRESPONDENT

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SCHOOL FOR Rangers

The 76th Division at Fort Meade learns the latest scientific methods of hand-to-hand slaughter and free-for-all street fighting that will soon be taught to every infantry outfit in the Army.

By A YANK STAFF CORRESPONDENT

FORT MEADE—It was the day after the great Commando raid at Dieppe and everyone in the train was extolling the virtues of the British Commandos and the American Rangers. Only the short, sandy-haired Canadian lieutenant colonel in the club car was silent. He listened to the newspapermen's enthusiastic chattering for a while. Then he said very simply, "You know, gentlemen, this may startle you—but there are no commandos any more."

The colonel introduced himself. "The name's Guildford F. Dudley. A Jerry bomb knocked me out a few weeks ago. That's why I'm here, instead of on the other side, commanding my battalion.

"But getting back to what I said about the commandos—the method we're using in Great Britain now is to put *every* fighting man through the same course of training formerly reserved for the commandos alone. They get Judo, hand-to-hand fighting, cross-country and landing problems. They go through combat courses where they're fired on with live ammunition. Bakelite land mines go off under them, and they have to wade through cattle blood and dummy corpses. Why last fall, 1,000,000 men went on commando maneuvers, covering 200 miles on foot in five days, without so much as an hour's sleep. That's why I say there are no commandos any more. In a manner of speaking, *every* British soldier is a commando."

Then, shy and half-apologetic: "I hope you don't mind my telling you this—but you see, it was *my* outfit, the Cameron Highlanders, that spearheaded the attack on Dieppe, just 24 hours ago."

That was last August, and Col. Dudley was speaking only of the British Army. Today, less than six months later, a good many G.I.'s are painfully conscious of the fact that the trend has spread to the United States Army as well. Here at Fort Meade, the Army has established a Ranger and Combat School. No less than 1,000 officers from divisions in training all over the country have already been sent here to submit themselves to intensive combat courses. Now, bruised and battered, they have gone back to their respective outfits. And from this point on, every division still training in the United States will learn at first hand that "there are no commandos any more."

Already well-acquainted with this new Army dictum is the 76th (Liberty Bell) Division, stationed at Fort Meade. Principally because of its proximity to the mayhem laboratories of the Ranger and Combat School, the 76th—a typical triangular division activated last June—was chosen as the guinea pig outfit to test out the new methods of training.

First, a group of 212 specially-selected officers and non-coms was sent to the Ranger and Combat School. Those that emerged in one piece then went back to the division to give the same course to every man in the 76th—including cooks, clerks, bandsmen and everyone else. The results were nothing short of amazing. Medical corps Lt. Eugene W. Williams wrote in his report, "As the

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At Ft. Meade, Lt. Norman Bickling illustrates one method of dealing with a tree sniper. These men are taught to use their feet as well as their hands and weapons.

course progressed, the morale and aggressive spirit of the men became extremely high. They developed great pride in their own accidents and injuries, and in the 'toughness' of the course. They became confident in their own prowess, and other soldiers who had always been bullies became respectful and cautious of them." In short, an entire division had become tough. Six weeks of intensive training was enough to instill in it the basic concepts of the toughest kind of fighting.

The men of the 76th took the training for an hour a day, five days a week. The course simply replaced the old "cadence-exercise-to-be-done-in-the-following-manner" which is more or less out for the duration. At first the men were scared—but after a while they loved it. College professors became savage. Concert violinists became potential killers. They fought free-for-alls, battled in trees, sparred with naked bayonets, carried each other pic-a-back for half a mile or more, jumped from moving trucks. They learned Judo and dirty wrestling—and choice methods of flattening an opponent by noiselessly breaking his neck, or "kneeing" him. As the commander of the 76th Division, stocky, jeep-driving Maj. Gen. Emil P. Reinhardt, put it, "It's a rough game. But they might as well learn right here in the beginning that war itself is a rough game. When these boys join the men already in the front lines, I can tell you right now—there aren't going to be any weak-sister divisions."

The combat training course was originated by Maj. Francois D'Eliscu, head of the Ranger and Combat School. Maj. D'Eliscu, a slightly-built, greying man, looks and acts much less than his 57 years. Before the war, he was an instructor of physical education at both Columbia and New York Universities. Also, he was America's foremost exponent of Judo, the silent, murderous Japanese form of killing-wrestling. Because of him the Rangers (and eventually all American soldiers) actually know more about Judo than the average Japanese!

This reverses the usual story, and constitutes one of the most flagrant swipe-jobs we have ever pulled on the wily Japs.

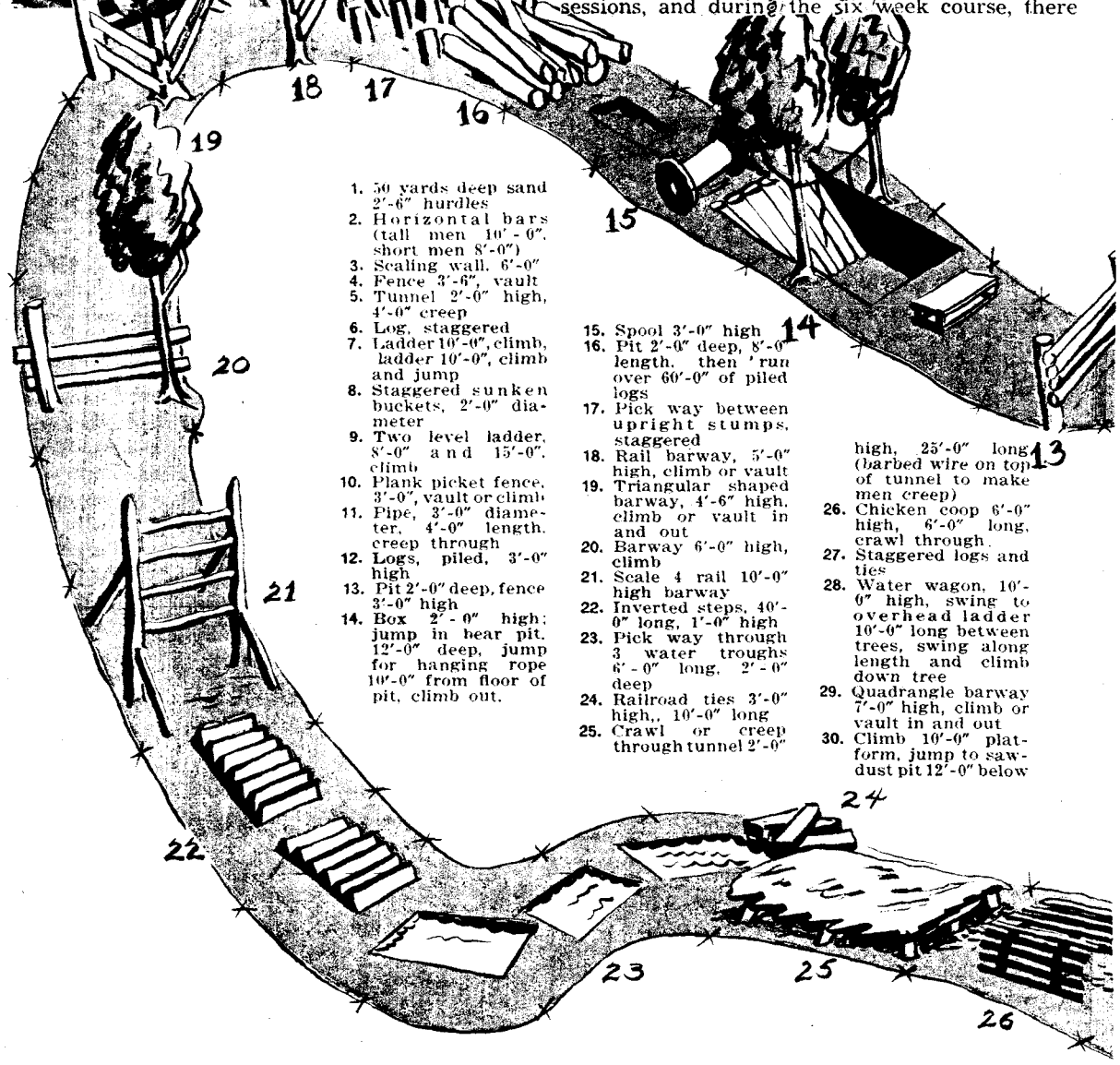
It happened back in 1928, when Maj. D'Eliscu was manager of the champion American Olympic swimming team, captained by Johnny Weissmuller. The Japs invited D'Eliscu and his team to Tokyo for exhibitions—and then proceeded to photograph every stroke, which they subsequently adopted and used in the 1932 Olympics. They also invited D'Eliscu to demonstrate American wrestling at the famous Kazuma and Takaishi Institutes. This he did—while the Jap cameras again clicked merrily away.

When he had finished his exhibition at Kazuma, D'Eliscu bowed to Hori Takima, head of the school. "I have heard so much about your own form of wrestling," he said. "Would you honor me by demonstrating some of your more complicated holds in return?" The Japanese scowled. Then, when a quick glance assured him that D'Eliscu had no camera and no means whatever of recording what he saw, Takima smiled politely, and proceeded to put on an exhibition.

At first Takima was reticent, but goaded on by D'Eliscu's flattery, he soon had unloaded his complete bag of tricks. When it was over, D'Eliscu thanked him, bowed to the assembled Japanese, and went out.

Fourteen years later, American soldiers were silently killing Japs with the same Kazuma holds.

Maj. D'Eliscu is one of the toughest men alive. He can kill with a flick of his elbow—maim with a pinch of his fingers. He imparts this toughness into the course he gave to the 76th Division instructors and to the Special Service officers from the other divisions. When the men slackened or got tired, he went into action and personally drove them on. A favorite subject for this treatment was Maj. Marr, a 6' 6" West Pointer. Others whom Maj. D'Eliscu took great pleasure in kicking around were football powerhouses like Pug Lund of Minnesota and Tod Goodwin of the New York Giants. An ambulance with three Medical Corps doctors was in attendance at all sessions, and during the six week course, there



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The Master in action. Major D'Eliscu shows how a man can be choked to death.

were both hospital cases and breakages. There is, in the Ft. Meade Station Hospital, a department officially labeled the "D'Eliscu Ward." In spite of all this, not a single one of the 212 76th Division men quit.

The first thing the major did was to order all his men into fatigue clothes stripped of all insignia of rank. Then he goaded them to get into a genuine free-for-all. This procedure continued the entire six weeks. Corporals walloped colonels, and vice versa. No one knew whom he was slugging.

In one case, a strapping sergeant named Davey Wilson took great delight in picking on one man throughout the course. The only reason he could offer was that the man had the type of face he didn't like, and that all his life he had enjoyed pushing in that particular type of face.

When the course was over, Sgt. Wilson came to Maj. D'Eliscu, trembling like a leaf. "I just found out," he croaked, "that this guy I've been slugging is a company commander in my own outfit."

Every day, Maj. D'Eliscu began the sessions with a two mile run, to warm the men up. This provoked a wave of nausea and vomiting at first, but the major mercilessly kept the men running. Another regular fixture was Maj. D'Eliscu's deluxe, 600 yard obstacle course, which reigns undisputed as the toughest in the world. It features a fifteen-foot-deep bear trap with smooth sides, from which the men have to clamber as best they can. "If they can't get out," said D'Eliscu, "Let 'em stay there. Sooner or later they find a way." One captain is reported to have been stuck in the bear trap for more than five hours.

The training opened with alertness drills, in which the men had to freeze into position on command, or hang from the limbs of trees.

Second came physical tests, like pull-ups, chins, etc.; then simple combatives—boxing, wrestling, tugs of war. After that the rule-book was tossed out the window.

The fourth stage of the training was dirty wrestling—with everything thrown in from the ripping off of ears, to the stuffing of fists down the throat.

Fifth was boxing without gloves. At this point the Medical Corps officers standing by were extremely busy attending to abrasions and missing teeth.

Sixth was rough and tumble games, 60 of which have now been collected by Maj. D'Eliscu and made into an official Army manual.

Seventh was disarming practice—in which the men learned murderous ways of relieving an opponent of a knife, pistol, rifle, bayonet, tommy gun and machete.

Eighth was specific Ranger problems—one of which involved carrying bound prisoners a mile or so through heavy undergrowth.

Ninth was elementary and advanced Judo. This taught the men every conceivable method of strangling and killing by applying pressure to the proper parts of the anatomy.

Tenth was tree and bush fighting. The men were required to stay in the limbs of trees for as much as ten hours at a time. This section of the course was emphasized more than any other. Very shortly, Jap tree snipers are suddenly going to find their skulls bashed in by camouflaged American G.I.'s sneaking down on them from above.

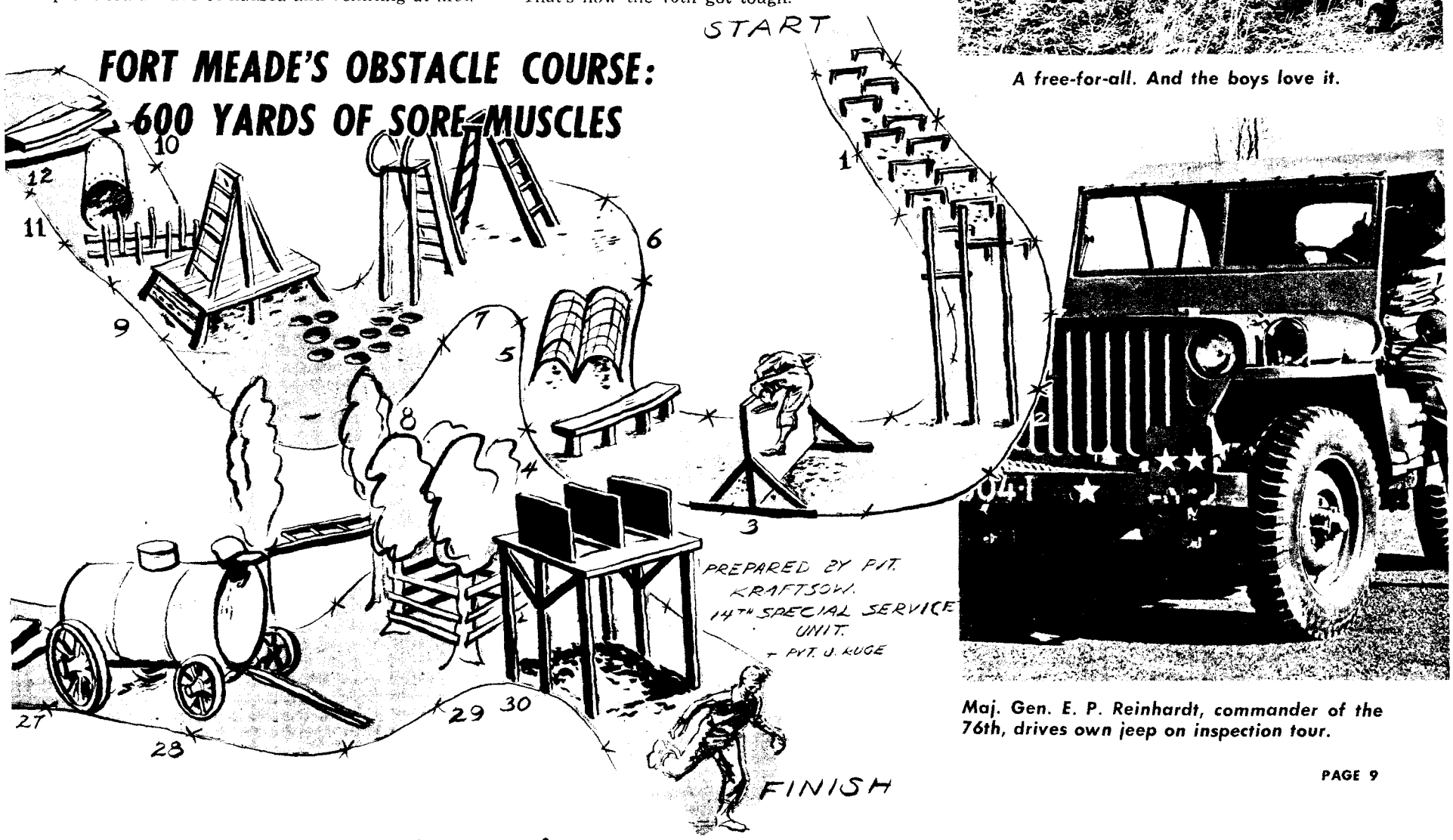
The eleventh and final phase was trench and fox-hole fighting—concentrating on tumbling away from an enemy's blows. Before getting his diploma from the Ranger and Combat School, each man was required to duel with naked bayonets.

When the course was over, some of the men went overseas, where they were subsequently heard from at Dieppe, New Guinea and Morocco. Others went back to put entire divisions through the exact same training.

That's why there are no commandos any more. That's how the 76th got tough.

Sgt. Martin Morrison (minus teeth lost in training) uses hair grip on Pvt. John Hernon.

A free-for-all. And the boys love it.



Maj. Gen. E. P. Reinhardt, commander of the 76th, drives own jeep on inspection tour.

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NEWS FROM HOME

Tired Firemen Poke Through the Ruins of Boston's Cocoanut Grove

Nation's Worst Fire Disaster in 40 Years Kills Almost 500 People In Boston Night Club

BOSTON—A silly prank caused the nation's worst fire catastrophe in nearly 40 years when the gay Cocoanut Grove night club burned down Saturday night, killing at least 484 persons and critically injuring nearly 200 more in flame, smoke and stampeding panic.

A thousand week-end merrymakers were jammed into the one and one-half story drinking spot Saturday night; things were livelier than usual because Holy Cross, in a startling football upset, had defeated powerful Boston College that day by 55-12.

A playful patron loosened a light bulb in the Melody Lounge in the basement of the club, under the main dance floor. A 16-year-old bus boy, Stanley F. Tomaszewski, stood on a chair to try to fit the bulb back in place, lighting a match to see what he was doing.

The match set fire to a paper palm tree, and the fire snaked along the draperies and other furnishings with incredible speed. Instantly the light-hearted scene changed to one of blind panic, with men and women screaming and clawing each other, packed together in a desperate, fighting mass as they rushed out and hurled themselves against the glass revolving door leading into Piedmont Street.

The door wouldn't move because the crowd was trying to push it in opposite directions. An unidentified naval lieutenant gave his life trying to reason with the mob. He was found dead with his back against the revolving door; his arms outstretched, as though imploring the crowd to hold back. His uniform had been torn from his body. In front of him bodies of crushed and suffocated celebrators were packed to the roof.

Some people ran out of other small exits with their clothes and even their hair on fire. Others, including eight nearly nude chorus girls, escaped by jumping from the roof. Billy Payne, singer at the club, saved ten patrons by leading them into a large icebox in the basement, where they waited in safety until the fire had been put out an hour later.

Among the dead was Buck Jones, the cowboy film star visiting Boston as a War Bond salesman.

It was the greatest disaster of its kind since the Iroquois Theater fire in Chicago in 1903, which claimed 602 lives.

Damage was estimated at $250,000. Only two weeks previous the Cocoanut Grove, together with all other Boston nightclubs, had been inspected by fire officials, following an East Boston fire in which six firemen were killed. Nevertheless, one of the doors which had been equipped with a panic lock that would open under pressure, was found to be secured by another lock.

Farm Income Hits Peak, Henderson Tells Congress

WASHINGTON—"The level of net farm income is the highest in history," Leon Henderson, Federal Price administrator, reported to Congress this week. "It exceeds by a full billion the income earned by farmers in the fabulous year of 1919, and every dollar of this income buys vastly more than it did in that year."

The lowest percentage increase in net income between 1939 and 1942 was given by Mr. Henderson as 90.1 per cent for Mississippi Delta two-mule farms, and the highest as 204.5 per cent for winter wheat farms.

Lucky Locomotive

Inglewood, Cal.—When a freight train hit an Army jeep at a crossing near here, the four soldiers who had jumped off just before the collision got up, dusted themselves off, went 50 yards down the right of way after the jeep, righted it, drove off again.

The freight train locomotive was only slightly damaged.

People Back Home—

ARKANSAS

El Dorado and Hot Springs went tie for conference lead as Ft. Smith topples North Little Rock in Arkansas' football race. Ordnance plants continue production-as-usual Thanksgiving. Arkansas Business Bulletin predicts peak yearly income for Arkansas this year. After five days of solicitation, the Community Chest-Arkansas Crippled Children's drive is only $47,000 short of its $213,959 goal. Chester Holland, Ft. Smith mayor, selected as new president of the Arkansas Municipal League. Arkansas' CAP has highest membership on percentage population basis on any state in nation. Little Rock firms institute ride sharing groups as gasoline rationing looms.

CALIFORNIA

No Christmas trees along Broadway and Los Angeles this year but a heavy insistence on backing our boys with war bonds. The meanest thief again. This time he swiped the bronze statuette from Pomona College, at Claremont, memorial fountain. The Handy twins, Bob and Roy, of Van Nuys, have enlisted in Navy aviation's ground forces. Hungry coyotes in El Centro are causing annual poultry loss $3,000. . . . Kimball Cannery, at Redlands, reports largest tomato pack in its history. There will be no Rose Tournament parade at Pasadena January 1, but instead a Bond Parade to buy bullets to annihilate the Axis. Hollywood film players, who have backed many a loser, whoop with delight at announcement of proposed Horse Meat Markets in Los Angeles. They suggest butchering the nags which invariably come in last—with a lantern on their tails.

GEORGIA

In Barnesville, the Aldora Mill announced it will send a $100 Xmas present to every ex-employe now in the armed forces. Georgia's cotton crop is 39 percent better than last year's; pecan production is largest in state history. Brunswick has been given a $538,000 housing project. Cane grinding started in South Georgia. Bill Chappell, 24, son of county commissioner for Carroll County, who drew a life sentence for murder 2½ years ago, is pardoned by Gov. Talmadge. Story is that while in prison Chappell had special privileges, even dating gals at night.

IDAHO

Idaho citizens approved by 1500 votes a monthly pension of $40 to all poor people 65 or older. C. A. Bottolfsen of Arco, former governor, was elected governor again to succeed Chase A. Clark, incumbent Democrat, by a margin of less than 600 votes out of 150,000 cast. Big game hunting season in Idaho made news when Mrs. Dale Rolfe of Boise, a small blonde, stabbed a large buck to death after it had charged her; and when a stockman named Bachman, of Oreana, spotted a buck in his pasture, ran it into a corner, grabbed it by the antlers, bulldogged it, and cut its throat with a pocketknife. John D. Glasby, civilian athletic director at Gowen Field has been named coach at Boise Junior college, succeeding George "Stub" Allison.

IOWA

Participation of 19,652 of its 22,000 workers in payroll deduction war bond plan won Cedar Rapids the nation's first treasury department "T" flag. . . . . Ottumwa High school girls got faculty approval to wear slacks for the duration. Dr. C. W. Rominger succeeded the late Dr. John Huecker as municipal health officer at Waukon. Raymond Melby, 31, Moorhead, husked 220 bushels of corn on Friday the 13th. "Pudge" Camarata, who averaged 146 yards per game for Iowa Teachers, is Marine-minded. Some navy officers complained of high rents at Ottumwa. The state restaurant association decided a cup of coffee, without food, should cost 10 cents. In Northwest Iowa, the group riding plan, originally started to provide transportation for workers to their jobs in the cities, has taken hold among farmers in this vicinity on trips to town. They like it, too, because it's neighborly. At Sioux City the mortgage on the Immanuel Lutheran church was burned at a special service when the congregation became free of debt. At Hornick fire, believed caused by spontaneous combustion, destroyed the Farmers Elevator, a nearby feed shed and an empty boxcar, causing $25,000 damage.

INDIANA

Big forest fire in southern Indiana came within two miles of Camp Atterbury; 200 fire fighters and a big rainstorm put it out. Other fires—the three-story Odon Milling Company building at Odon and the Modern Woodmen Lodge at Blue Ridge near Shelbyville. Adj. Gen. Elmer (Pete) Straub called to active Army duty as colonel of artillery; acting adjutant general is Capt. William P. Weiman. Mrs. Caroline Payne, Bloomington newspaper executive, went on trial for second time accused of killing Charles O. Mattingly in July, 1941. At Union City, the Pennsylvania railroad has replaced four crossing watchmen with women. A big buck deer paid a call at the farm of Herbert C. Jones west of Fairland, and came within 50 feet of the house. Judge John L. Niblack, Marion county municipal court, reappointed for a four-year term.

KENTUCKY

Kentuckians signed up this week for gas ration books. Coffee is to be rationed, too. Representatives from Bowman Field and Fort Knox conferred with Louisville's health director about a possible milk shortage. Jailer Marty Connors called in cops to quell what he described as a "threatened riot" by a dozen young prisoners in Louisville's jail. The appeals court affirmed the Drys' victory in Harlan County. A $78,900 USO center was approved for Hopkinsville. All war plants and most others in this area worked Thanksgiving day. A gas rationing and consequent curtailment of school bus use is limiting basketball games.

MARYLAND

Taxi companies at Baltimore were refused a new rate increase sought

Mary Hoffman, 19, was chosen as "Miss Victory" by war workers in Chicago.

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from the PSC. R. Walter Graham, five times elected city comptroller, died at the age of 79. Mrs. Ella Bailey was elected to the Baltimore city council, taking the place of the late Frank Busch. When a truck load of groceries was stolen, then recovered, one item was missing. Rationing of the items begins November 29; yep, four cartons of coffee. Several dozen former wearers of pink coats are now wearing blue or khaki, so the ladies and elder gentry carried on the fox hunting traditions in "the valley.". . . Grants of $745,500 will permit University Hospital to furnish its twelfth floor, and build a new hospital in Baltimore county.

MONTANA

Martinsdale: Tire punctures should be scarce in this region. School children have gathered up 94 pounds of nails in the "Slap a Jap scrap drive." Polaris: A white-faced bull which strayed from the home ranch found companionship but little to eat when it threw in with a herd of six moose in the hills near here. Gardiner: The oldest tire in Yellowstone park—used on the first automobile to enter America's playground—found its way to the scrap heap. The auto 'shoe' measured 27 inches on the inside diameter and 36½ inches outside with a 16½ inch girth. Butte: Sheriff Al McLeod has been elected president of the Montana Sheriffs and Police Officers association, succeeding Barney Larsen of Anaconda. Drafting of 18 and 19-year-olds is expected to postpone the calling of Butte married men with children at least until after February. Tom Kelly, Butte brewer, is winning acclaim as being both patriotic and frugal in recrimping discarded bottle caps and using them again to offset the shortage of new crowns. Even Game Warden Lester Barton had tears in his eyes when he related the story of a 700-pound cow moose that drowned in a lake near Deer Lodge after falling from a concrete embankment near a dam. The cow's gangling calf saw the tragedy and waited for seven hungry days, judging from trampled snow at the scene.

NEW ENGLAND

At Taunton, Mass., a three-day weekly course in training of recreational workers was started under the direction of the APA. At Haverhill, one of the closest and bitterest municipal campaigns in years is underway. Mayor Albert W. Glynn, seeking reelection, is opposed by Donald J. Atwood, former chairman of the Board of License Commissioners. Only two votes separated the two contestants in the primary balloting, with the mayor trailing. At Hyannis, Pvt. Charles H. Cross, in the Army, will receive one of the largest, longest letters on record. It was written by 106 of his relatives, neighbors and friends on Cape Cod, is 50 feet long. Springfield reports that homes for 750 families are planned as the next step in a program to provide adequate housing for thousands of workers in industrial and government plants. One group of 300 homes for war workers was opened recently. In Sanford, Maine, the Navy had to take what the Army couldn't use. Two tons of Army khaki was redyed Navy blue for overcoating in a local mill. In New Haven, Conn., David E. (Little Davy) Fitzgerald Sr., four times mayor, died at 68 after a long illness. Enoch Borgnaes, last of the great Waterbury scandal trial defendants, was sentenced to a year in jail on promise to spill any beans still unspilled (Dan Leary, indicted but not tried, still missing). So many civilian tires were turned in to the government from Connecticut that thousands are piled on express plaforms or freight cars awaiting storage space. Rev. Charles C. Carver, matinee idol at the old Hyperion, later curate at Christ Church, New Haven, died. William Wirt Winchester Hospital in Allingtown, used by Army in last war, may be turned over to Air Forces soon.

NEW MEXICO

Albuquerque High, Carlsbad and Raton are the three teams in the running for the state grid title. Asst. Fire Chief Milton Grande of Albuquerque suffered a fractured thigh in a $12,000 fire at a brewery at 2nd and Marquette Streets. 149 Albuquerque businesses report their employes 100% on the 10% pay deduction for war bonds. Of nine marriage licenses issued in Albuquerque the last week in November, eight bridegrooms were in uniform. The postman will ring only once a day in Albuquerque from now on for duration of the war.

NEW YORK

George F. Rand, 50, president of the Marine Trust Company and one of Buffalo's outstanding citizens, died. Mayor-elect Stephen A. Lamb of Niagara Falls is having difficulty with the government, which claims he is a citizen of Canada and ineligible to run for public office in the U. S. A shortage of cooks may force the closing of the J. N. Adam Memorial Hospital at Perrysburg. The Food Supplies Committee of the Buffalo War Council will ask the Council to inaugurate meatless Tuesdays. The Rev. John P. Boland of Buffalo resigned as chairman of the State Labor Relations Board. Clarence A. Greve, former secretary and assistant treasurer of the Citizens Bank and Trust Company of Geneseo, pleaded guilty to misappropriating bank funds. Two Dayton, Ohio, men proved in Buffalo that you can beat the slot machines—if you don't get caught. They used a handdrill to bore a hole in the wood on the sides of the machines. Then they inserted a wire and tipped a tumbler, hitting the jackpot.

NORTH CAROLINA

In annual session in High Point the Baptist State Convention adopted resolutions calling on the North Carolina Legislature to outlaw alcoholic beverages for the duration, and to submit for approval of the electorate next year a plan for "permanent prohibition" in this State. Dr. I. G. Greer of Thomasville was elected president of the Convention. North Carolina's October quota of purchase of war bonds totaling $9,750,000 was exceeded by 21 per cent, with $11,740,000 being reached. Through purchase of a total of $1,017,364, on a quota of $945,300, Mecklenburg county led for the month. In High Point, 11 of the 12 floors in the HPFE building are being leased to the Demobilization Records division, effective December 1, 1942. From 500 to 700 Federal workers are to be in the building to demobilize members of the armed forces after the war, officials say. Six months after the end of the war the space is to revert to use of furniture manufacturers. Mayor Pro-tem Edgar L. Yow of Wilmington succeeds Mayor Hargrove Bellamy, who resigned to report for duty as an Army Major. The Yorkville *Enquirer*, weekly newspaper at York, S. C., published continuously since 1855 until its suspension several weeks ago, is to be sold at public auction by W. M. Dunlap, receiver.

OHIO

The Cincinnati Post *solved its problem of finding a permanent editor of its military news department after the draft got the incumbent of that post. The newspaper appointed a girl (Beverly Ewald) to the job. Once during each World War, the two Cincinnati universities—the University of Cincinnati and Xavier—played each other at football. In the game played in 1918, UC won. The second was played Nov. 21, 1942. UC won again 9-0. City Manager C. O. Sherrill of Cincinnati says Bingo receipts in the past three years total $7,000,000. Councilman Russell Wilson has introduced a resolution against Bingo. But he doesn't believe that even three of the nine councilmen will approve the ban. "That hen must have led a double life," Mrs. Charles Doll said in reporting that one egg was found inside another egg at her home.*

PENNSYLVANIA

Dorothy James, daughter of Pennsylvania's governor, was married in the Governor's Mansion to Deputy Attorney General Frank A. Sinon. For the duration at least, women will work in Philadelphia's police stations as clerks. Three strip-teasers arrested last spring at the Troc burlesque house were freed by a jury when they testified that their apparent nudity was just an optical illusion. Women replaced men in some Philadelphia garages as parking attendants. At Nesquehoning, the whole town turned out to celebrate when it was learned that Lt. John De Angelis was rescued with Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker. Final count of the vote cast by Philadelphia soldiers gave Ross, D., 412, and Martin, 400. The WAACS moved into the Walton Hotel, taking over three floors as dorms.

SOUTH CAROLINA

Weldon F. Twitty, president of the Darlington Manufacturing company, died after a long illness. Bowman: The South Carolina conference of the Methodist Episcopal church, South, in annual conference at Bowman, hailed America's war against the Axis as a fight in the interest of Christianity against the forces of evil. Clemson's victory over Furman made the Tigers tops again in state football. Controversy of the Week in Charleston: who should keep the streets cleaner and how. Mayor Lockwood says the city is doing all it can, that residents and hundreds of new Charlestonians must cooperate.

VIRGINIA

All rents in Richmond set back to the March 1 levels effective Dec. 1. Draft boards mailed 50,000 questionnaires to Virginia's 18-19 year old boys. Meat shortages threatened in Richmond as their OPA allotment to end of the year was used up; plenty of meat on the hoof but it can't be slaughtered. Richmond council considers a proposal to spend $2,000 repairing the carillon tower in Byrd Park; there's been no chime for months. The OCD found 112,000 Virginians in local defense work, double the quota. Governor Darden warned motorists to obey 35-mph speed law or he'd put electric eye machines on the highways to trap speeders. In Richmond, 18,000 turned out to see John Marshall High lick the Teejays from Thomas Jefferson, 25-7. Feature was Ray Marshall's 102-yard run for touchdown after intercepting a Teejay pass behind his own goal.

WASHINGTON

Berlin was wiped off the map this week, as far as King County records are concerned anyway. Born in the days of a big mining boom in the Skykomish Valley, the little community of Berlin had long been a ghost town with streets covered over with willows, alder and second-growth fir. Seattleites took new courage this week when they learned a dozen youngsters out near Lincoln Park have taken a tip from Orphan Annie and organized themselves as Junior Commandos. At last report they were scouring the neighborhood for a graveyard-shift worker's house to be quiet in front of. . . . Secretaries at the Seattle Port of Embarkation were all agog over the arrival of Lieut. (j.g.) Richard Ney, engaged to Greer Garson of Mrs. Miniver fame.

TEXAS

An automobile dealer in Houston has but six autos for sale—but there are twelve buggies complete with everything except "ole Dobbin" on its display floors. Those old die-hards who said the auto never would replace the horse have finally been vindicated. According to the firm's manager, six buggies have already been sold, and they are buying all they can get. One horse-power between the shafts is worth more than one hundred in an auto motor these days. Houston motorists, now waiting to register for gas rationing, have turned in nearly 13,000 tires under the ruling prohibiting more than five casings to a car. An abortive attempt to bring back prohibition to Fort Worth while many voters were away at the wars was slapped down by the good citizens of the city at the recent election. The vote may have a far-reaching effect on future prohibition plans. For the first time in the history of Houston, a woman has been appointed airport operations manager. She is Mrs. Nelda Murphy, who'll combine her secretarial duties with those of her new job. Another "first" finds Miss Nell Tucker in charge of the county's delinquent children bureau. She replaces David Kruger who has gone into Government service. And still the women take over. County Commissioner Bob Turrentine has just been commissioned a lieutenant in the Navy, so his charming better-half will replace her husband in the county administration.

COMPANY STREET

Shot 'n' Shell, weekly paper of **Camp San Luis Obispo,** Calif., commenting on Mrs. Roosevelt's suggestion that American soldiers in England be sent "thicker socks and more letters from home," pleads: "Make our letters thicker, not our socks. We can always wear two pairs when the weather is cold, even three, but we can't stretch a one-page letter into four." . . . Soldiers at **Fort Sill,** Okla., make their own recordings of radio programs, using disc with a glass base instead of plastics.

Pvt. Artie (Scats) Engler of **Pine Camp,** N. Y., appeared on a coast-to-coast radio program and soon afterward received this telegram: "Job open in Norfolk night club, salary $55 a week. Wire immediately if available." He replied: "Available right after war. Uncle Sam holds option on me right now." . . . From **Lowry Field,** Colo., Pvt. Milton Yelsky writes that Pvt. Dick Jensen met his brother, Norman, whose whereabouts he had not known, in the company chow line.

Back home any passing dog-sled driver would have been glad to give him a lift, so Pvt. Ulak Hope, an Eskimo, didn't hesitate to thumb a ride in Seattle on his first visit outside Alaska. Ulak climbed out of the car at his hotel, thanked the driver, started to walk away. "Hey," yelled the driver. "Where's my money?"

At **Fort Belvoir,** Va., Lt. Gen. Lesley J. McNair, commanding general of the Army Ground Forces, told graduates of the Engineer Officers Candidate School: "Thunderous forms of handling men are obsolete. When one hears bellowing in the field it probably marks not a real leader but one who has lost his temper when things go not too well. The art is in leading men, not driving them."

A dozen **Camp Shelby** (Miss.) soldiers who are natives of South Dakota, the "Pheasant Paradise of America," got a pleasant surprise when the father of Sgt. John D. Stransky shipped a batch of the birds more than 1,500 miles for a feast. . . . Two days after playing a concert there, Pvt. Ossy Renardy, violinist, arrived at **Fort Dix,** N. J., as a selectee. . . .

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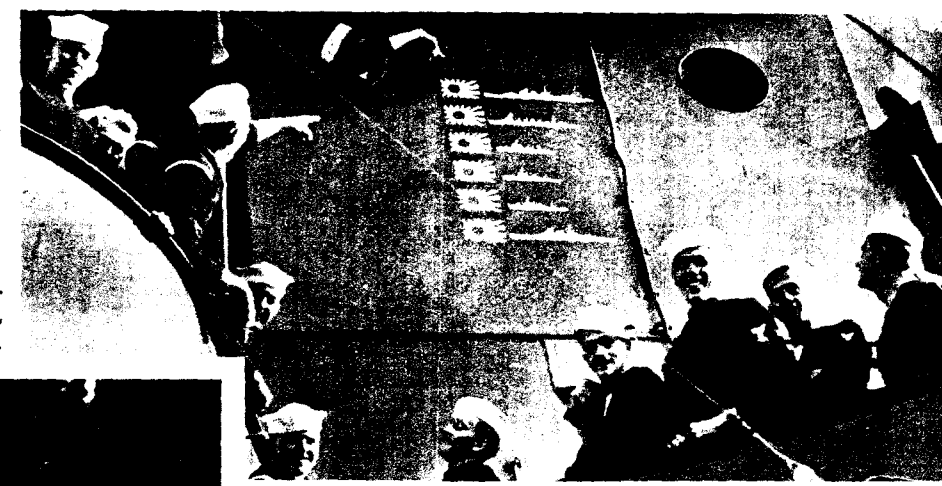
VICTOR. Sergeant V. W. Zekas, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., downed Zero in New Guinea.

INVADERS. In training for smash landing operations, these Navy Seabees jump off the side of a landing boat, somewhere in Eastern U.S. They're ready to build or battle.

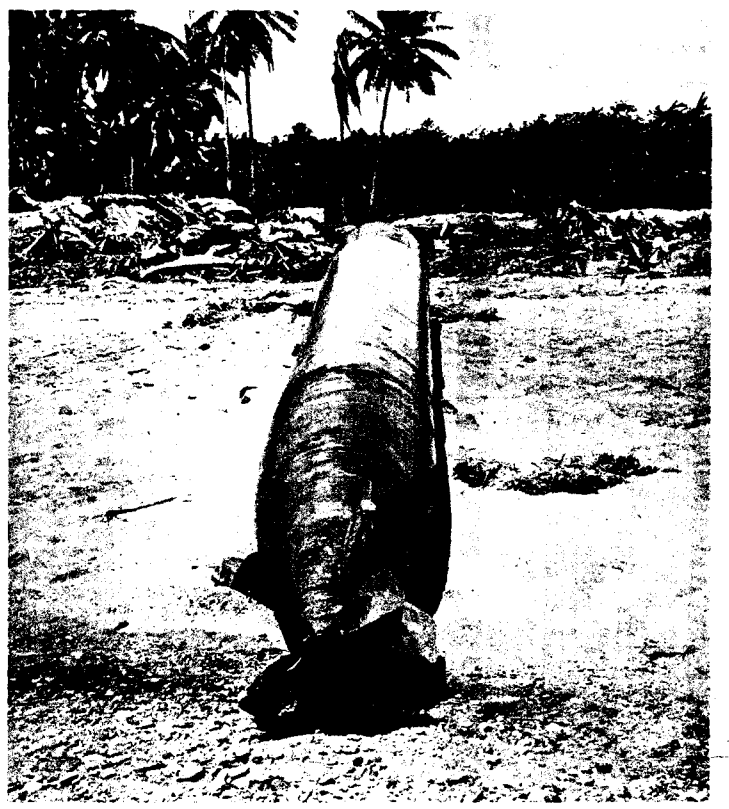
FASHION. Actress Grace McDonald introduces the new Chute Suit.



SCOREBOARD. Crew of light cruiser Boise point with pride. Silhouettes represent six Jap warships she sent to the bottom.

OPENING. Shortly after dedication of Alcan Highway, first army truck convoy carries war supplies to Fairbanks, Alaska.

COURTESY. At Camp Lee, Va., WA officers Margret Fullert and Ruby Herman return G.I. highba



LANDING. Jap torpedo was headed for an American ship. Good maneuvering let Guadalcanal beach take it.

PAINTER. T-5 Dick Howard, of Philadelphia, brushes on a little more cold to a shivering Yank, part of mural he's painting in Ireland. Mrs. F.D.R. gave it a big O.K. when she saw it.

A CLEANUI

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No, nor a bundle of rags; but it's a British Home Guardsman, camouflaged.

A British Bofors gun passes a dead Nazi lying in the Libyan desert. He, and thousands of others, will fight no more for Marshal Rommel in his run from the Allies.

Yank veterans of the North African offensive return to the U.S.

Soldiers aren't the only ones doing calisthenics. Dancing girls keep legs slim.

This Jap heavy bomber, a Mitsubishi Type 1, was found floating in the Pacific by a U. S. warship. How it was shot down was not disclosed, but your bet's the same as ours.

U. S. rifleman gives a French sailor a cigarette and a light after landing in Morocco. How to make pals.

In Stalingrad, Russian soldiers look for Nazis retreating through ruins.

This G.I. with the beautiful expression is getting his music from Fay McKenzie, singer, who visited Fort Simonds, Jamaica, and let fly with "Kiss the Boys Goodbye."

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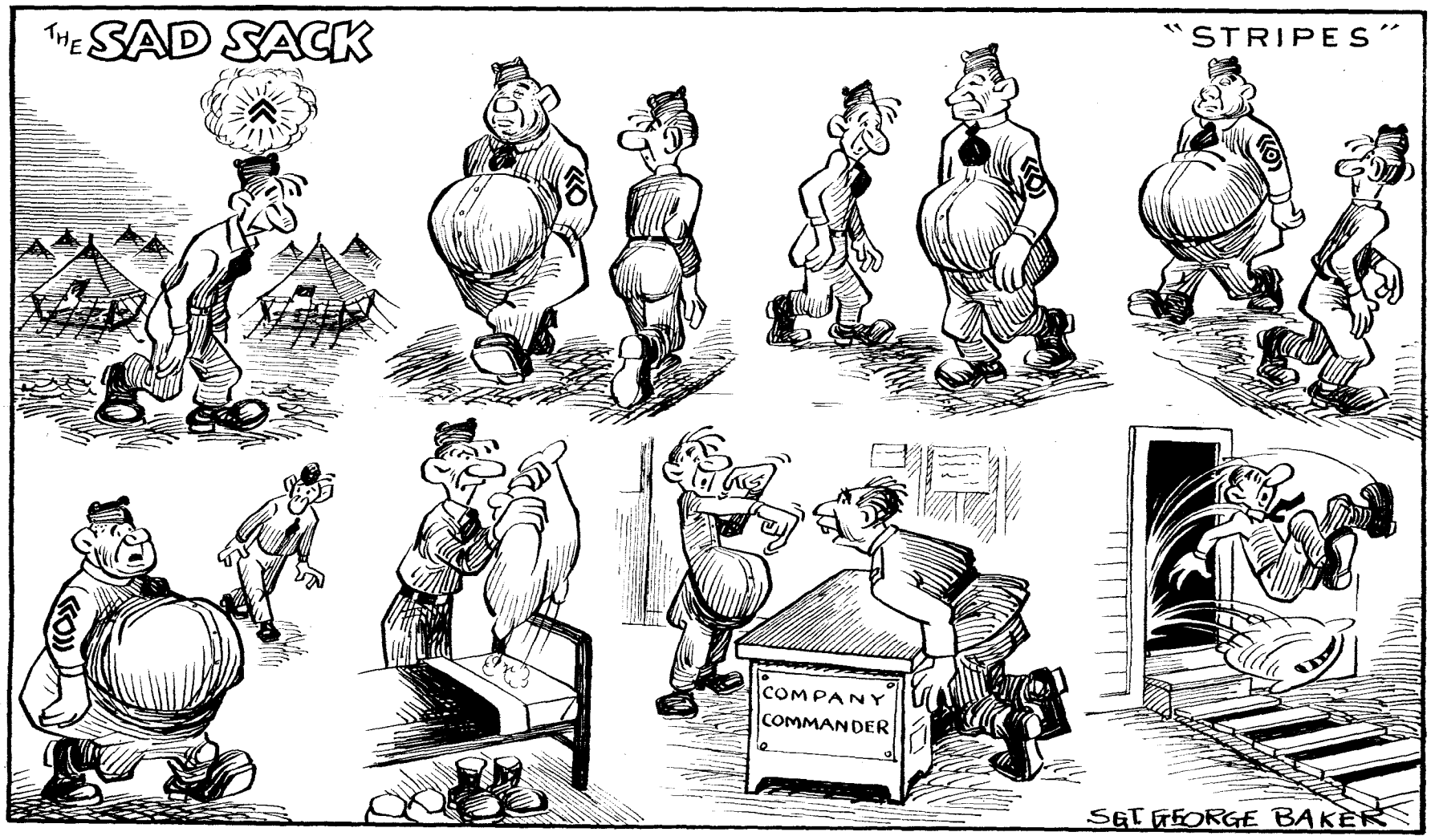


BETWEEN the LINES

U.S. SIGNAL CORPS

Applied Psychology

"It is amazing," I said to myself as I eyed my name on the Duty Roster (Culinary Section), "how many soldiers allow themselves to be disturbed, not to mention riled, by the thought of doing a little KP. Now *I* will go to bed, sleep soundly, and rise in the morning refreshed and happy to be serving my country in the Mess Hall of Company Q."

I was still tossing sleeplessly and moaning when a few rays of early dawn entered the barracks. They were followed hot and heavy by Pfc. Murgatroyd, the Irish-rooster cook, who went through the barracks thoroughly. He shook every bunk with gusto. As its occupant fell out, Murgatroyd would shake him too, whispering "You KP? You KP? You KP?" in stentorian tones.

When he said, "You KP?" to me for the twentieth time I was forced to admit, "Yes, me KP. Me follow longside top man do what he say, no?" Murgatroyd said, "Yes." I dressed in my Sunday, or cosmoline, suit of fatigues and followed him to the Mess Hall.

I mopped till I dropped. Then, propped against the sink, I washed until all the skin had disappeared from my arms up to four inches above the elbows. Four inches above the elbows being par for this sort of work (Murgatroyd came over and measured the space to make sure), I was relieved. I was relieved and set to drying.

I dried till four-thirty in the afternoon. I was tired and I was skinless, but I was feeling a little proud of my work. I stepped back and looked at the rows of plates and cups and bowls, neat as a battalion on review and just as shiny. "Nice, aren't they?" I murmured to no one in particular.

Then I snapped to attention at the entrance of Lt. Col. Ornate X. Hippocrates, M.C., inspecting. Col. H. didn't think they were nice. "All haveta be washed over," he said. "All hafta be dried over. Too damn' greezey."

Well, I washed them all over again and lost skin two inches above the legal limit. I dried about half before I snapped under the strain. Guys who were there before they carried me off to Ward 26 said they'd never seen so much broken china even at a Three Stooges movie.

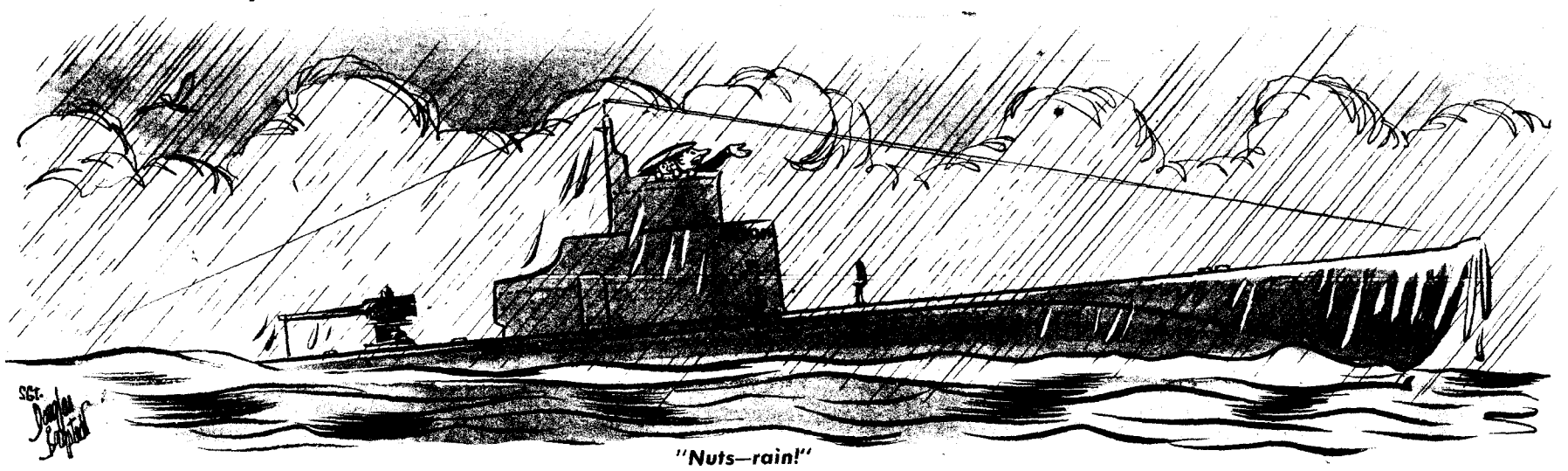
The hell of it is, I don't think I'll ever get any better. I know the Army is equipped to deal with mental cases. I know that Ward 26 is nice. I've seen it in those rare moments when I don't have my head under the covers to keep the cups and saucers from catching me.

But. Lt. Col. Ornate X. Hippocrates, M.C., is the ward officer.

Here they come again. . . .

SGT. AL HINE

"Yesterday we changed from pigeons to telephones!"



"Nuts—rain!"

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YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY
VOL. 1, NO. 26
DEC. 9, 1942
By the men . . for the men in the service

ONE YEAR AFTER

THIS WAS the week it happened, a year ago this Sunday. It was a bright and ordinary Sunday: not much rain around the country and the weather clear and turning cold. In the barracks you could sleep until eight and still get breakfast if you were lucky. The Carolina maneuvers had just ended. It was just like any other Sunday; nothing could happen. Everything did.

That was the day the roof fell in, and it's taken us a year to put it up again. We got off to a bad start; we left some men on Bataan and Wake Island and in the Java Sea. But we discovered in the process that we still could fight. We were still the people who chased one invader at Trenton with home-made muskets and carved a nation out of wilderness and chased another military machine through Chateau Thierry and Belleau Wood. We were the people with the great democratic heritage and we could still fight to keep and extend it.

So far we've been lucky. We haven't felt the war the way the Russians have or the English or the Chinese. We haven't had our homes destroyed or our books burned or our women taken. But all of us have been fighting, and some of us have been killed.

It has taken a year even to begin to get optimistic. Today we know that we'll win, that some day the war will be over and the world free from ocean to ocean. Ask the men in the Pacific, who mauled the Jap fleet around Guadalcanal. Ask the guys in Africa, who walked in and spit right in Hitler's eye. Ask Hitler himself, trying to defend the whole coast of Europe against the invasion he knows is coming and coming soon.

After a year, few people say "Remember Pearl Harbor." For one thing, you can't say that without saying "Remember Ethiopia" and "Remember Manchuria." For another thing, people aren't talking so much these days. But in the book of this war we remember Pearl Harbor as we do Bataan, as the Russians remember Odessa and Sevastopol, as the English remember Dunkirk, as the Chinese remember Peiping. All of them have gone into the account book to be settled in due time.

At the end of our first year of war, it looks like the due time is coming.

STRICTLY G.I.

Third Lieutenants

WARRANT OFFICERS, under a new WD directive, are to get the courtesy and respect accorded to commissioned officers. They will eat in officers' mess, receive the salute and be called "sir" instead of "mister." The new directive ranks them just below shavetails and just above cadets and six-stripers.

Field Rations

Field ration K is going to include a super-graham cracker fortified with powdered milk, extra shortening and a wild variety of vitamins and minerals. The new dog-biscuit is officially entitled K-2, although most of us boys will probably call it K-9.

Married Nurses

The Army Nurses Corps is now open to married nurses, it says here. Registered nurses between 21 and 40 who are citizens may put in for appointment to the corps. Those who have husbands in the Army, however, won't be allowed to serve at the posts where their husbands are stationed. Applicants with minor children will be taken only if adequate care for the little ones can be provided elsewhere than on a military reservation.

Likely Story

Our leading Australian latrine reporter sends on a story that he says is making the rounds down there. It's about a G.I. who talked his way into an air ride to San Francisco and back again and made the whole thing in a two-weeks furlough.

Alaska Movies

Hollywood, the American Red Cross and the WD Special Service Division have hooked elbows on a deal that will make the fur-fringed Alaskan dogface the envy of his civilian neighbors. Air transports, landing barges and dogteams will rush the latest motion pictures to every military installation in the Territory and along the Aleutian chain. The same night that the boys are chuckling over Roz Russell kicking out the conga in "My Sister Eileen," such civilians as have access to movies at all are apt to be making the best of "Anthony Adverse."

Kindergarten

New order says that no enlisted man can be sent to a Special Service school until he's had his basic training. Men assigned to SS schools will be rated Pfc, unless they already have higher stripes. Men sent to advanced schools will make technician-fifth.

Servant Problem

Yanks in India are still having trouble keeping the caste system straight when they hire native room orderlies and such. The sweepers, who keep the barracks clean, aren't allowed to shine shoes or make beds. The bearers, who handle bunks and shoes, are above sweeping.

Enlisted men pay a buck a month for dog-robbing service; officers pay more. Laundry is done on a monthly pay basis by members of the Dhobi caste who work cheaply but lose a lot of laundry.

SHALL WE JUST SLIP IT ON FOR SIZE, ADOLF?

Items That Require No Editorial Comment

(For the following news about American activities in North Africa, YANK is indebted to the shortwave radio services of Dr. Paul Goebbels' German propaganda organization.)

Good Neighbor Policy

"The U. S. military authorities in the Moroccan coastal area," says Radio Berlin DXJ, "have forbidden all traffic between 10:30 P.M. and 6:30 A.M. for the Moroccan population. All restaurants, cafes and cinemas must be closed at 10 P.M. The inconsiderate and the brutal treatment of the Mohammedan population in Algeria and Morocco has led to numerous protests to the American local commanders. The American officers either refused to hear such protests or ordered the delegations to be arrested."

Education

"The population of North Africa," reports Radio Berlin DJB, "has to suffer much annoyance and disturbances by the American soldiers. The USA soldiers stalk women and try to tear down their veils, they try to visit the holy places of the Mohammedans, try to enter Arab houses by force and make themselves conspicuous by drunkenness and loud behavior. It was, however, reported that the USA soldiers had gotten detailed instructions how to behave, but it seems as if there were more illiterates in the USA than has been acknowledged officially."

Recreation

"The American officers" announces Radio Berlin DXX, "who are wandering at night in drunken condition through the streets of Oran are the target of sneering native Mohammedan population.

"One group of young Mohammedans threw three dead-drunk American officers into a sewer. From there they were retrieved a few hours later by their comrades in bad smelling condition."

Religion

Radio Berlin DXJ reveals: "The various mosques in Morocco and Algiers have had to hang up signs in English requesting the American soldiers not to disturb religious services and not to spit their chewing gum onto the floor."

Finance

"In Algeria, also," says DXX, "the occupational forces of the Plutocracies are circulating false money in great quantities."

Faint Praise

The only broadcaster who had a kind word for the Yanks was "Mr. Best," the American Lord Haw-Haw. Said Mr. Best: "Franklin D. Roosevelt shipped tens of thousands of fine young men off to Africa, there to bleed and die."

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Trinidad: Cpl. Frank H. Rice, Inf.
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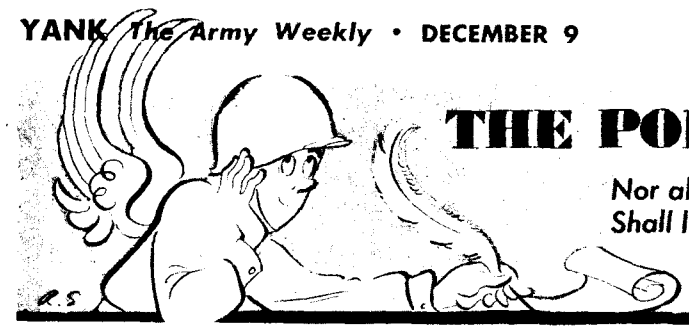

THE POETS CORNERED

Nor all your piety and wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line.
Omar K., Pfc. 1st Pyramidal Tent Co.

JOHNNY DOUGHBOY

He's six feet three and he's five feet four
He's as slim as a slat and as wide as a door
He wears a twelve shoe, and a cap marked #7
He hails from Forts Benning, Swift, and Deven.

He talks like Georgia, and his "H'ya all?"
Has a Vermont twang and an Iowa drawl
He's silent and gabby; melancholy and merry
He hails from Forts Schuyler, Livingston and Perry.

He's a farmer, a clerk, a miner, and a broker
He kept a country store, and sailed as a stoker
He's backwards and he's shy; he's a wit and a wag
He hails from Forts Slocum, Claiborne and Bragg.

He's Yankee and he's Polish; he's Spanish, German, French
His home is in the barracks, a foxhole and a trench
He can shoot a squirrel's eye out, at a hundred yards, or more.
He hails from Forts Riley, Gordon, and Orr.

He's polyglot, a melting pot; a mixture of race and creed
With a job to be done and a war to be won
And a shackled world to be freed
So hail to the East, North, South and West
Give Johnny Doughboy the weapons and he'll do the rest.

PVT. MURRAY B. SCHOEN
FORT BELVOIR, VA.

BARRACKS

It is just an old shack
Made of wood and of steel.
And how in a high wind
It will rumble and squeal.

It is hot when we're gone
And it's cold when we're here,
And a darn poor hide-out
When those details are near.

We cuss it and we damn it
From pillar to dome;
Be it ever so humble
There's no place like home.

PVT. EARL W. POST
NORTH ATLANTIC COMMAND

CITIZEN-ARMY

We are not professional soldiers,
Bullets were strange to us a year ago.

We were the farmer—the teacher
We were the clerk—the businessman
We were the actor—the mechanic

Yes, we were the citizen of last year—
Now we are the citizen-army.

Since leaving peace
and our loves—
We have been taught:
to sleep as the warrior—
to eat as the soldier—
to march as the fighter.

We build bridges—we students
We repair bombers—we artists
We cook food—we fathers
We shoot well, we butchers, we plumbers,
We of the citizen-army.

PVT. HAROLD FEIGENBAUM
LOWRY FIELD, COLO.

CONSIDER THE NIPS

Consider, please, the Nipponese,
They're quite at home in seas or trees.
Though simple folk they do not bungle
Traversing a tropic jungle.
They're apt to start a fight with treachery
And hope to end with wine and lechery.
It is our task—will be our pleasure—
Implacably to take their measure
In order that, where once were Japs,
Nought will be found but Japless gaps.

PVT. Y. GUY OWEN
(PSEUDONYM)

G.I. NURSERY RHYME

Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffett, eating her curds and whey;
Along came a soldier and looked at her bolder
Than any youth of her day.

She put down her sandwich, and in plain G.I. language
Asked him what he wanted—and when.
He said he was coming for some *good old home cooking*—
So Miss Muffett is finished with men!

PVT. GEORGE DANIELL
DANIEL FIELD, GA.

"KISMET"

In answer to "The Marines" by 2nd Lt. E. J. Wilson, U. S. A., [YANK, July 15].

There are Army men and Navy men,
In Uncle Sam's regime,
The Army men and Navy men,
Are held in high esteem.
But those Army slobs and Naval gobs,
Noted for their valor,
Are apt to shy when bullets fly
With just a tinge of pallor!

There are Army men and Navy men,
In Uncle Sam's regime,
But the only real hard fighting men
Wear khaki, blue and green.
For when cannons roar on distant shore,
'Tis known and proven fact,
Those bellhops fought till the final shot,
The Army stayed in back.

We've been told by a dogface boy,
Who wears a golden bar,
Just what we think Marines can do,
And what we think we are.
But let me task his brain and ask
That stupid dogface cuss,
"How many men in this wide world
Are quite as fine as us?"

So why shouldn't the stars if anxious to rise,
Or the moon wishing to beam,
Get permission to do from the Leatherneck crew,
The fighting, well-loved Marines?
And now, dear old looey, you shouldn't be sad,
Though ruined's your field of clover;
If your sweetie's found charms in a Leatherneck's arms,
Those bellhops have taken over!

E. A. PFORSICH
USMC, ALASKA

Mail Call

DEAR YANK:

I wonder if you would consider printing a little something for a beat-up corporal in this one-sided war (which is being won by the Allies) that would probably bring results that writing has not done for me in the past eight years. You see, YANK, this guy was one of the best pals a guy could ever hope for, and to think that I may never see him again is worse than being in front of the Jap and German Air Force in a link trainer. I am inclosing a snapshot of myself and would like to have it put in the above mentioned column so that he might recognize it and decide to write to me. I also am sending my address along just in case.

The guy's name is Ted Byrley whose home is in High Point, N. C., and I met him going to Jamestown High School, N. C. By the way, my name is W. Morris Caudle which is of no importance.

Well, boys, I have got to git on that ole ball, so I will close. You are doing a grand job and keep it up while Hitler's Mustache is being trimmed.

ANOTHER YANK, BILL
APO 825,
NEW ORLEANS, LA.

DEAR YANK:

Turgid, ah yes, turgid. No other word could quite convey the umbrage felt at "Sadly The Troubadour" (YANK, Nov. 18), I must unbosom myself, for my heart is near broken. Here, in your mundane way, you have sorrowfully discussed the barracks musician, whether a "getarist," or whether that lesser evil, a "steel blower." But, why oh why, did you eliminate the radio owner? Cloistered here with only my thoughts (and twenty-four hours of duty) I have pondered and pondered of ways to rid myself of him who, in his innocence, wants the whole barracks.

Have you ever listened to the dulcet tones of the Senator from Missouri discoursing on the price of pork at 2000 o'clock? Have you ever been tortured by "The Happiness Boys," just as you saw that dream walking? Have you ever been tormented by hearing sirens screeching in your ears, just as lights go out? Have you ever been scared out of your wits (?) by hearing the Voice of Experience say "IT CAN HAPPEN TO YOU!!!!!!"? Nay, good comrades. You could not have experienced any of these finely devised mental agonies. How else explain your complete indifference?

CPL. S. L. COHEN
CAMP EDWARDS, MASS.

Dear YANK:

A certain corporal had better not be caught by the Army's paratroopers. This is a word to the wise off's of the Marines; directed to a certain corporal. They have good men in the Marines but they aren't superior—& every Marine put it in your pipe & smoke it.

PVT. P. GROSS
FORT BENNING, GA.

Dear YANK:

1. We note the poem "Nurses? Curses!" in the Oct. 7 issue of YANK.

2. We further note that this same poem appeared in the *Two Tenth News*, issue of Aug. 1, duly credited to a previous publication in YANK.

3. We recognize that this poem is very good, but hardly expected to see its publication repeated in the same paper, within a few months.

4. If YANK is so hard up for material that they have to reprint their own articles, we commend their attention to an excellent publication called the *Two Tenth News*.

CPL. GERSHON A. BEIDERMAN
The Two Tenth News
CARIBBEAN COMMAND

It's our fault, brother. We printed it, you used it and credited it to us, and then the ed. of our PX page borrowed it from you in blissful ignorance that it had started here in the first place. Our face is red.

DEAR YANK:

How do they do it? I mean these orchestra leaders, baseball players, movie stars, etc. I just can't get over it. I listen to the program from Frisco over station KGEI each night. It seems, by golly, that each night a celebrity gets a high commission in the Air Force or the Navy. In your opinion don't you think a man who's had two or three years of present Army training is much more important than a civilian, or a reserve, who's served a hitch twenty years ago? This is a modern war and a modern Army which expects its men to be at least familiar with present methods. Why don't they give the enlisted men and officers a break???

Anyway, probably most of these "quickie" commissioned officers never will have to go overseas. Further, there are hundreds of men overseas who enlisted in the Army many months before Pearl Harbor for the sole ambition of learning to fly. But no, the Army had no place for them because they were not college men. Did they get sore and quit? No, they did the next best thing they could. They became expert mechanics, radio operators, aerial engineers, etc. Now that the pilots' standards have been drastically lowered, who should be given the chance to fly? The enlisted men with their competent knowledge of airplanes, or the raw civilian who's been on the "gravy train" ever since the war started.

CPL. STANLEY LUBENSKY
APO 929,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

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Gas Fighters

This Negro Decontamination Unit, now somewhere in Australia, is the only outfit of its kind in the whole U. S. Army.

By A YANK Field Correspondent

SOMEWHERE IN AUSTRALIA [By Cable]—"Shoot the gas to me, Tojo boy." That's the challenge of a Negro decontamination unit here, the only one of its kind in the U. S. Army.

Here's the purpose of the unit, as described by S/Sgt. F. J. Corbett, Rocky Mount, N. C., its supply sergeant: "If and when the Japs ever dust off poison gas bombs, we move, son. We hop right up to affected areas and decontaminate 'em so the gas will do a minimum of harm."

Months before war began these colored men left jobs as railroad men, school teachers, cab drivers, barbers, mechanics, and tap dancers, to answer Uncle Sam's call. Classification clerks thumbed through cards and picked them out for their high I.Q.'s to form the cadre of the decontamination unit.

Sitting in reception center tents in new, still-rumpled uniforms, those picked asked each other with puzzled faces, "Son, what's this here decontamination?"

Today as members of a crack outfit that won a citation for efficiency on maneuvers, they can rattle off such words as "lacrimator," "vesicant," "clorpicrin," and "sternutator."

They're so good that some of them tour Australia demonstrating defense against gas attack and decontamination to Australian and American soldiers and civilian defense workers.

Their clothes would make Frankenstein look like a sissy. Their suits are gasproof and cover the body from head to toe with a window in the front for their eyes. Wearing these suits and looking like deepsea divers, they can work for hours in gassed areas. The unit, completely mobile, can speed to affected areas in special tank trucks equipped with hose and spray for various gases. In territory that a truck can't travel they sling portable cylinders of decontamination chemicals over their shoulders and spray while walking. The composition of the chemical spray is a military secret.

"Our philosophy is to take our work seriously, but not ourselves," said Sgt. Corbett. Chemical warfare expressions combined with Harlem slang punctuate small talk. They call beer "smoke" because in large doses it makes you dizzy. If a man is "gas drunk," he loves to drive a truck. If he's a "gas booter," he's a fast driver. Petrol may be gasoline to Australians, but it's slang for whisky among the decontamination crew. "B19" doesn't mean a B19 airplane, but a fine for punishment. And, in town, men of the outfit holler "Wallaby" at each other.

Here's a New Way to Buck

Before Capt. Jacob L. Castleman, from Buffalo, unit commander, reached his present rank, some of the men used to ask favors of him with colossal flattery. They called him "Captain" every breath. Now that he's become a captain, he has to suppress a grin when the same men amble in and ask him for a pass, sprinkling their pleas with "Please, Colonel."

Every man in the unit is automatically a member of the Halfpenny Club, and must carry a halfpenny at all times. If caught without one, a member must forfeit something to the one catching him. Thus there is a constant exchange of ties, handkerchiefs, socks, and other handy articles. One fellow caught in the middle of the camp area had to forfeit his pants. In town, beer is a proper forfeit. The club is so well known that townspeople stop colored soldiers on the street to ask if they are Halfpenny Club members.

Going through one after another of the camouflaged barracks of the unit's concealed bush camp, we met some of its members. Most respected of all is First Sgt. Leslie Meadows from Charleston, West Virginia. He's been in the regular army for 17 years, and graduated from cavalry school No. 1 man in his class in horsemanship. "He knows his business," say his men.

Pvt. Ulysses Graves, from Philadelphia, company clerk, has more to be proud of than his first name. Back in high school he learned to type eighty-two words a minute. "That man can type like a woodpecker on a limb," the men say.

"Meet our paper train soldier," Sgt. Corbett said. He's Pfc. Robert Redmond, from York, Pennsylvania, and earned the monicker because

he gets reveille passes and arrives back in camp on the train carrying the morning paper, just in time to grab the camp bugle and blow the first call. There's a story behind his bugling job. He was catching K.P. a little too often. Siding up to the bugler, he asked if he could be taught to blow the thing in case the bugler wanted to move out on a one day pass. Redmond learned so well that the bugler lost the job to him.

They call Cpl. Frank Gordon from Baltimore "Flash Gordon," and for good reason. At Morgan College, in Baltimore, he sparked his football team to 52 consecutive victories. Incidentally, hefty Flash is not the only college man in the outfit, which has plenty of B.A.'s and B.S.'s.

The unit also has an anonymous gossip columnist. This mystery reporter types out a scandal sheet and tacks it on the messhall wall. He calls himself "Triple Sight," and claims to have three tipsters, who are, reading from left to right, Peep Sight, Rear Sight, and Front Sight. He exposes latest bits about everyone in the outfit, including the officers.

Chief barracks diversion is a card game called tonk, similar to knock rummy. Believe it or not, crap games are a thing of the past to this unit, which considers craps kid stuff, or fit only for loafers. From the barracks American swing music blares over radios the men chipped in for. There's a ping-pong table in Sgt. Corbett's supply room, but games usually end abruptly when the ball bounces behind a stack of equipment. "Must be several dozen balls there now," he said.

Plenty of Red Hot Rhythm

Rhythm is as big in a Negro's life as tea in an Australian's, and Sgt. Corbett capitalized on the fact. He collected Paper Train Redmond, Cpl. Raymond Harding, from Portsmouth, Virginia, and Pvt. James Mayberry, from Washington, D. C., as the best harmonizers of the barracks, and, with himself, formed into a quartet. "We just developed a style something like the Mills Brothers or the Ink Spots, and then went out and wowed 'em," he said. The quartet sang at a serviceman's dance and made such a hit that they sang over three radio stations and appeared for a week's engagement at a city theater. "Shoulda heard 'em applaud us when we got through at the theater," said Sgt. Corbett, to which Paper Train Redmond piped, "Nuts, son, it was probably because they were glad we had finished."

The unit formed a softball team and issued challenges to all comers. Australian and American teams from miles around accepted the challenge—much to their regret. The colored nine won 15 out of 17 games and then had to quit. It ran out of opponents.

The outfit's mess is tops in Army grub because Mess Sgt. Willis Mullens, from Clairton, Pennsylvania, left a job as Pullman cook to join the Army. He collected a kitchen crew from men who used to work in restaurant or hotel kitchens. Sgt. Samuel Curry, from Philadelphia, is first cook, and Sunday dinners of southern fried chicken with all the fixins including ice cream are the week's highlight.

When Sgt. Corbett and his buddies cornered YANK's correspondent and started throwing chemical formulas at us, explaining the decontamination process, we remembered we flunked chemistry in school and said goodbye. We do know enough chemistry, however, to warn the Japs that they'd better stay on the alkali side, because Uncle Sam has a solution to the gas problem.

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Most played records in the country last week were **"White Christmas," "At Last,"** and **"Gal in Kalamazoo,"** in that order. . . . **Sammy Kaye,** playing a theatre date in Milwaukee, took time out during the week to coach a theater electrician in alegbra for his commission. . . . **Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom** now proudly calls himself the illiterate Orson Welles. . . . Cleveland's Mayfair Casino is being used as a Coast Guard Recruiting Office. . . .

Cheryl Walker, an unknown from Pasadena, Calif., gets the coveted lead in the film of "Stage Door Canteen". . . . All bandleaders have draft headaches today. Even **Phil Spitalny.** Some of the gals in his all girl orchestra are talking about the WAACs. . . . **Ida Lupino** will play the Bette Davis role in the remake of "Of Human Bondage". . . . A new comic has appeared in the night club world. The name is **Don Tannen;** he's pop-eyed on the order of Eddie Cantor. . . . Three of the swing world's most illustrious performers have pooled talents to make a new combination. **Bobby Hackett,** from Glenn Miller's outfit, **Joe Sullivan,** of the Bob Crosby band and **Hayes Alvis,** a fugitive from Duke Ellington, are the ones. . . . Sharpen your pencils, men! RKO has ordered 1,000,000 ballots printed for circulation in the armed forces to assist in the selection of ten ideal **Petty Girls** for the picture of that name. . . . **John Garfield,** of all people, sings a hot song in the film in which he appears with **Dinah Shore.** And speaking of Dinah, Warner Brothers are rushing tests of her for a movie based on the life of Helen Morgan. . . . There is talk of letting women in the Marines. They'd be called **Marinettes.** . . . Most sensible reaction to the threatened salary ceilings was that of Humphrey Bogart, who said why shouldn't he work for nothing most of the year; that's all he was worth. . . . **The Korn Kobblers** orchestra numbers among its instruments a washboard, an old auto horn, thimbles, cowbells, gas pipes, old Willkie buttons, and a discarded dog collar. The result is great popularity for this outfit. . . . Critics called **Thornton Wilder's** "Skin of Our Teeth" a highbrow Hellzapoppin' and sent it off to a great start. It had previously been turned down by six producers. . . . **Lana Turna** plays a soda jerker in her next. Had to take lessons to perfect her behind-the-counter technique. . . . New book by **Corey Ford** and **Alistair McBain** will be devoted to the Air Forces. Called "From the Ground Up," all royalties will go to Air Forces relief. . . . Newest Hollywood trend is for actors to become producers. **Jack Benny** and **Jimmy Cagney** have paved the way. . . . Improved war news has increased box office business in every form of entertainment.

Lupino

Garfield

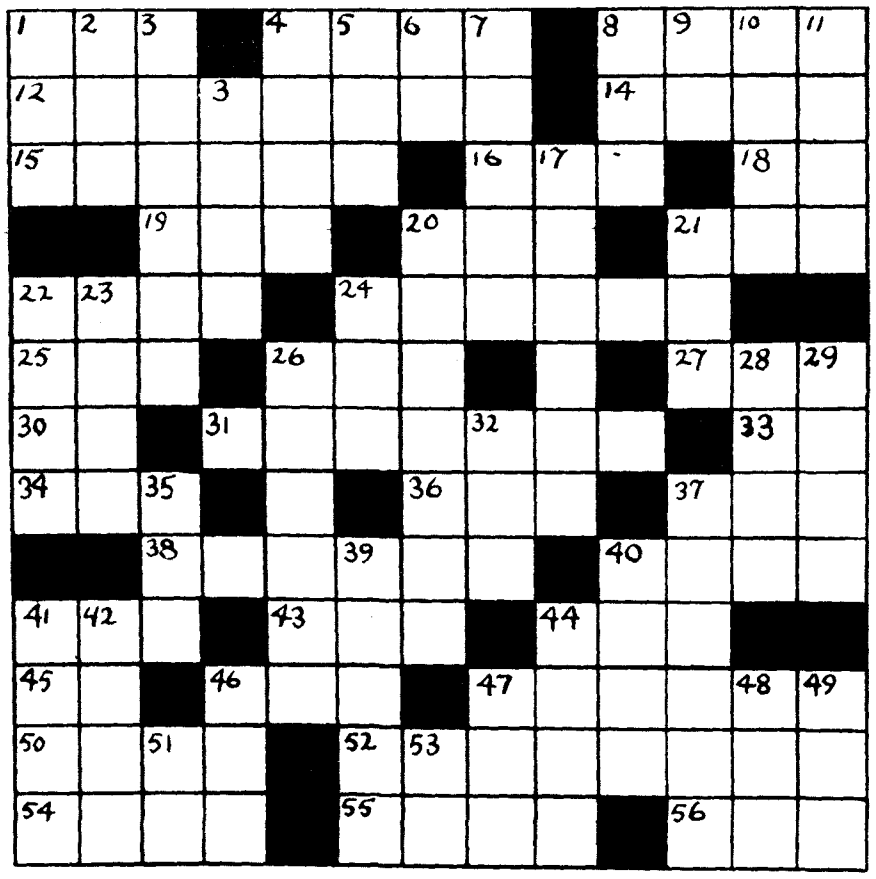
Turner

Dinah Shore

On the opposite page is what lies behind a voice that's heard around the world. Besides her regular broadcasts in the U. S., she's heard on short wave over the Seven Seas.

Cross Words From Australia

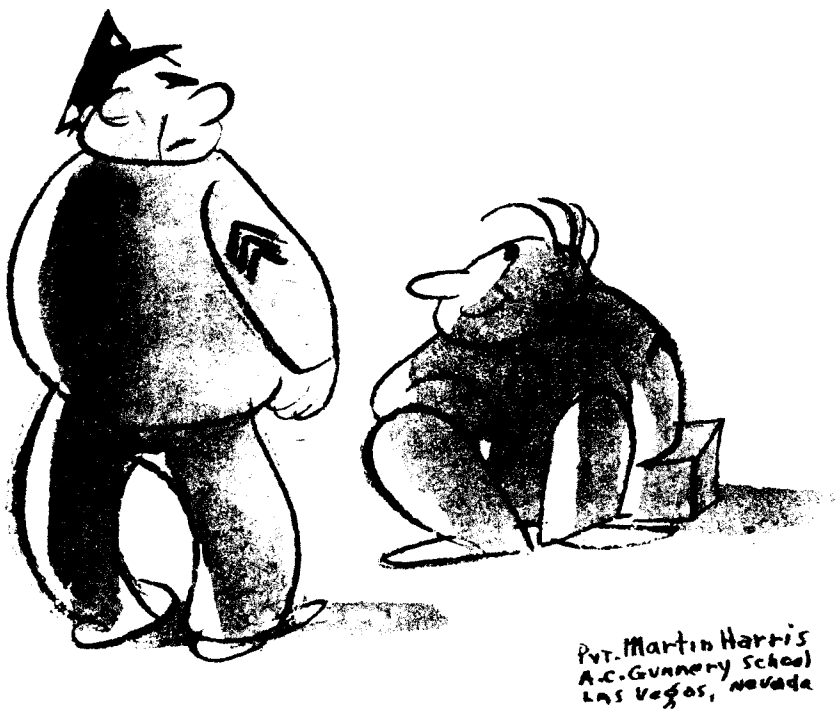
By Pvt. Manny Miller



ACROSS
1—a German soldier in World War I
4—Fascist capital
8—long may it wave
12—places alone or remains neutral
14—lousy things
15—dumb guys
16—fifth columnist
18—a sign for Enlisted Men
19—small mass to keep powder in place in a gun
20—what lots of us are drinking instead of coffee
21—donkey
22—Royal Australian Air Force
24—war fleet
25—the girl you'll take when there ain't many around
26—President Roosevelt and Eleanor hate it
27—as good to sit under as an apple tree
30—Clara Bow had this
31—occurs
33—Anti-Aircraft (abbreviation)
34—you should be willing to do this for your country
36—unit of work
37—Finland is famous for these troops
38—have quarters at
40—do a KP potato job
41—short for Officer's Reserve Corps
43—"Much ——— About Nothing"
44—what Theodore answers to
45—therefore
46—snake eyes on the dice
47—charge with gas or air
50—rich and juicy
52—rumors start in these places
54—a friend of Hans's
55—forepart of a vessel
56—understand

DOWN
1—that guy
2—more common for United Service Organization
3—country under Nazi rule
4—McNally's partner
5—Officers' Training School (colloquial)
6—the fellow you care most about
7—Home of Hitler's Krupp steel works
8—aviators do it
9—a Roman fifty-one
10—good poker hand
11—don't give these to strange women
13—goldbrick
17—covering with stones, as a street
20—destructive piece on a submarine
21—yes
22—an invasion
23—prefix meaning against
24—don't ever call the captain this
26—European capital bombed into submission
28—body of water
29—what you're always looking for
32—sounds like air and heir
35—letters of Enlisted Reserve Corps
37—types of cars
39—images
40—an elf
41—capital of country under Nazi rule
42—the flight of an army
44—this is the President's third
46—poetic for although
47—messed
48—golf mound
49—compass point
51—lazy way to write street
53—by

(Solution of this puzzle? Please turn back to page 23.)



"Sergeant, may I acquire your corporal's stripes for my hope chest?"

Words Across The Sea

Sgt. Stephan A. Toth, former civil service worker in New Brunswick, N. J., has been in the Army for 19 months, is now with the cavalry and is stationed at Indiantown Gap, Pa. To Pvt. Frank Finnerty in Australia he says: "May be seeing you soon. I know you're in the Air Force, so keep 'em flying. All of your gal friends in Jersey City are anxious to see you after the war."

Sgt. Kenneth Rogers has been in the British Army for three years and his station is a military secret. He'd like to send a message to Sgt. Jeff Graham, an old buddy, who was with the Medical Corps in London last time he heard. "I'm enjoying America fine. The girls are nice. Wish you were here." The sergeant was enjoying a bit of time off when we got this picture.

Pfc. Leo Friedman worked in theatrical publicity in civilian life. One of his colleagues was Dick Williams of New Bedford, Mass. Dick is now a private in Australia with a Signal Corps outfit. Leo's message is: "Things are going along swell. Everyone's been asking about you. Hope to see you soon in Australia. Gypsy sends her love." **(That wouldn't be Gypsy Rose Lee, would it? Ed.)**

T/Sgt. Ed Nano has been in the Air Force for two years and is now stationed at Jefferson Barracks, Mo. He was a free-lance news photographer in Cleveland, and is attending Life school of photography for nine weeks. He sends this SOS to Cpl. Ed Hoogenboom somewhere in the Caribbean: "Lost in the subway. Come up and get me out!"

Pfc. Irving Cantor enlisted one year ago after graduating from City College of New York. Now he's stationed at Fort Slocum. He has a message for his cousin, Sgt. Emmanuel Cohen, a regular Army man who is supposed to be somewhere in Scotland. "I'll be over soon, I hope," Pfc. Cantor says, "to give you more news than the fact that our cousin May will be married next month."

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Notes on a Pacific Convoy: K.P., Guard Duty, Rumors, Etc.

SOMEWHERE IN HAWAII—When you go overseas, they tell you, you leave all your troubles and unpaid debts behind on the day you climb into your transport.

All your troubles, that is, except K.P.

To get the feel of K.P. on a rough day in mid-Pacific, cram yourself into a telephone booth with 24 other G.I.'s, have somebody swing the booth onto a moving five-ton truck, and start to work.

Then, too, there's guard duty. Nobody seems to know what you're guarding from whom, but you're at it for a 12-hour stretch unless the corporal of the guard forgets your post. One private we know spent the entire voyage guarding the ladies' latrine. There were two ladies aboard.

On a convoy deck, games are available before blackout time, though you won't get much practice at shuffleboard. For the most part you'll be throwing around two squares with dots on them. A fantastically fortunate corporal on our ship bought a $2000 War Bond upon docking, and no rich uncle had died while he was enroute.

On a transport you may want to browse in the ship's well-stocked library. We read right through "Bunny Brown and His Sister Sue On Blueberry Island," and had finished two chapters of "Dick Prescott's Second Year At West Point," when a lieutenant-colonel returned the other book in the library—"Marriage Customs Of The Mormons."

Soldiers in a convoy spend much of their spare time in the latrine of their ship. It's about the only place where there's a light on during a blackout, and a man can smoke there and dream up rumors by the score. A Ph. D. from Harvard who kept a copy of Webster's International, unabridged, in his helmet, opened our Latrinogram Bureau by inquiring, quite suddenly, "*Quo vadimus?*"

Translated into the dogface tongue, this means: "Where the hell are we headed?"

That one was easy.

A good friend of a clerk who knew a brother of the ship's sergeant major released the fact that we were aiming for Singapore.

That rumor was easily discounted, however, because a Pfc. from Wahoo, Neb., had word straight from the ship's radio operator that the war was over and, after a short cruise, we'd turn around and go back. Hirohito, this Pfc. knew for a fact, had committed hara-kiri, and Hitler had died from indigestion after eating a genuine Navaho Indian carpet.

The true word got around on the third day: we were headed for the home of the hula and, as an after-thought, Pearl Harbor. This news increased the popularity of two privates—piccolo players—who knew the Hawaiian War Chant and who taught it to large groups of G.I.'s, sad young men who wished they had known their destination so they could have bought a sarong or two before embarking.

There was nothing stronger than a cola beverage on sale at the PX, but the bottling company did an excellent job of camouflage, putting the stuff in squat brown bottles that looked as though they were full of b—r.

Stars are bright over the Pacific, and the Big Dipper looks low enough to touch. Nobody who heard them will soon forget the night a dozen men from Harlem and points south stood around a lifeboat humming spirituals, with silvered clouds overhead and dark waves below.

On the morning we reached the Islands, a private from a place called Hominy, Neb., observed the white houses, red-roofed, scattered over the green mountains, and the blue of the sky and the cobalt-colored water.

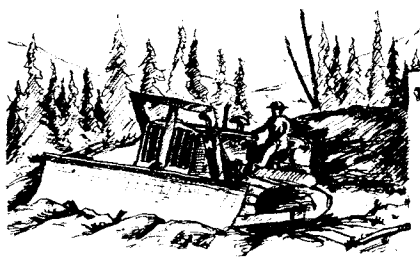
"I'll be a son of a first sergeant," he said. "I owe the Army money for this."

Someone began singing "Song of the Islands," and an Army band on the pier struck up "The Star-Spangled Banner."

Dorothy Lamour did not appear, of course, but there were two very bronzed young women on the pier, dressed in red calico. They waved an enthusiastic hello.

It was not until later that we learned that there is only one woman—of any shape or shade—for every 100 or so men on the Islands. But that is a different story. A very different story.

YANK'S HAWAIIAN CORRESPONDENT



"THE ROAD"

by Pvt Ic S/J. JANOV

Panorama by Cpl RAY WHITING, Jr

Whitehorse Sector Alcan Highway

Seven months
Yes, ere the seventh month was past
The Road was through.

Seven months
Almost to the day, and the impossible,
What others said we could not do
Was done.
Seven months
And another page in the saga of free men
Indelibly inscribed in the archives of time
And on the face of the earth.

The pinch, the need
The urge for speed was in the men,
The obstacles
By Herculean toil were overcome.

Seven months
Sixteen hundred miles, or maybe more,
The wilderness must give way
And yield a road to guard
Our Western shore.

Seven months
There's an ally on our west to meet and feed
Our worldly goods,
And blend our might with his to meet and strike
The *enemy*!

Seven months
For men with "cats" and dynamite
To hack and blast a swath
From Edmonton to Fairbanks
That trucks might roll by day and night.

The men
Heroes all, unsung, were in the fight
Sans guns, sans plane, no bomb nor tank
Was theirs, and yet, the battle won
Through toil and sweat and faith
That right makes might.

No need
To glorify the deeds of individuals
For men who gave their lives and limb
The Road is monument enough
So long as Freedom may still live.

Seven months
Days and nights of toil that flew and grew
Into the weeks that brought us closer to the goal,
Almost you could see it grow; and then one day
The lead "cats" met.

The Road is through!
At Lexington and Concord the shots
That were heard around the world
Wrought no greater miracle of joy in Freedom-loving men
Than years later when the news rang around the world
"The Road is through!"

A miracle
Had come to pass; and yet 'twas more than that
Nay, no miracle was this, The Road,
For wondrously so had come to pass
What others said could not be done.

Through ice
And snow and frozen muskeg;
Through tangled woodlands and hills
That ne'er before felt the white man's tread,
Past ice-bound lake and forded glacial stream
The Road came pushing by.

The mighty "cat"
The tiny "jeep" that did such yeoman work,
The "pick" swung by a human arm;
The truck that hauled and pushed and winched
Its sister-truck from out a slimy bog.

The ambulance
That carried the maimed back to a tented hospital,
The lean, lank medico, a Major, no less,
Who could, and would save the limb, and if need be
Lend his shoulder to rescue a truck or "jeep"
That needed succor, too.

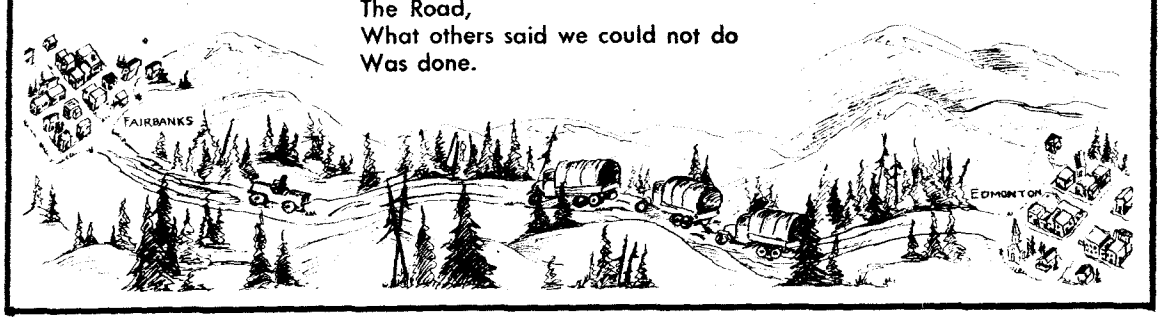
The bitter cold
The lonely nights when wolves would howl
Their dirge of melancholia to the moon;
The deep, oppressive heat, the sweat, the gnat
That bit and gouged—this the men were fighting, too.

Seven months
The Road was in the throes of birth
A Caesarian performed upon the womb of Mother Earth;
The scalpel, a mighty blade hung from the arms
Of a great D-8 whose patience could not be denied.

The lead "cats" met
Yes, we said that once before
But in the telling we did not say
That Alaska and Canada are linked to us forevermore;
And with that deed
The battle now is almost surely won.

The ribbon
To add an epilogue, is cut and the die is cast
The tide is turned at last and The Road
Is now become the symbol of what Free Men can do
When Liberty is in the balance.

The impossible,
The Road,
What others said we could not do
Was done.



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This Post Exchange, like YANK itself, is wide open to you. Send your cartoons and stories to: The Post Exchange, YANK, The Army Weekly, U. S. A.

The Post Exchange

If your contribution misses the mark for any reason, you will receive YANK's special de luxe rejection slip that will inspire a more creative mood.

Whimsy on Wallabies

I realize that there are skeptics in this world who will pooh-pooh my story, shake their heads sadly, and say, "Bush-happy"—the same kind of skeptics who regard Alice in Wonderland, Santa Claus and pigeons that talk as malarkey. But I was alone that late afternoon when this incident occurred, so there is no one to corroborate my words. Unfortunately.

Since my recent arrival in this territory I had noted that one of the principal topics of conversation was wallaby hunting. I had never even seen one of these animals indigenous to Australia.

I was on my way to the Aussie canteen, stumbling along the banks of a river, having strayed from the path as any newcomer might who has been given directions in bush country, when suddenly I heard voices. They sounded like nothing human; the muffled, jerky tones were filled with fear.

"We're in a bad way, Joe," one of them, obviously female from the high pitch, was saying. "They've got us hopping around even more than usual."

"Yeah, I know. Two weeks ago, Josie, they got your uncle. Last week they got my nephew, the one whose front legs were so short. And this week they got second cousin Rufus, the one with the mole on his tail."

This revelation of wholesale mayhem interested me immensely, and I fell flat on my belly and started to wiggle forward in my best scouting and patrolling manner, for I was anxious to see what species of being was on the verge of total extermination.

"What's that?" I heard Joe cry in alarm. I stopped short. There was a dead silence. "I thought that was another one of those Yanks who've made life so miserable for us."

"They've even given us the jumping jitters," Josie was saying. "Once we could tell when a twig snapped but now even the quiet seems to bring empty sounds to our ears. Joe, I tell you we've got to get out of here. Those Yanks shoot too straight for comfort. We have our little Joe Jr. here in my pouch to think of."

Modesty forbade me from trying to inch closer. I respect motherhood. But I was astounded. Could they be wallabies? Talking? Impossible? Even as I began to probe my sanity, Joe spoke soothingly.

"Now, Josie, don't cry."

"You don't realize how serious this is," came her tearful reply. "Why, our first, Josephine, is better off in the San Diego Zoo than we are. At least she doesn't have to worry about the shooting."

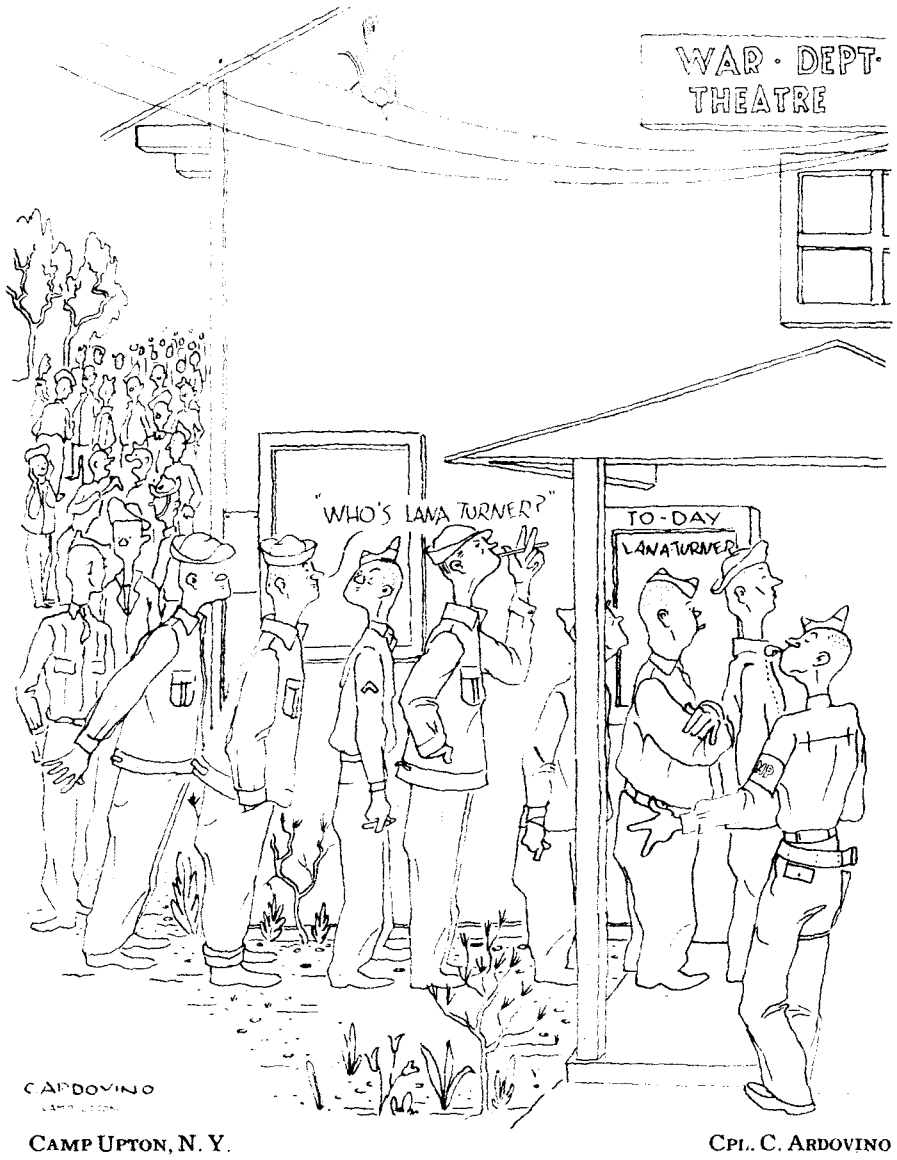
"The Yanks won't be here forever. They've got a job to do; they'll finish it in a hurry, and then we'll be free to hop around again with only a stray Australian or so to worry us."

This heartrending conversation had me even more inquisitive than ever. These were not just plain, ordinary wallabies, but patriotic ones. I was determined to get a look at them. Just as I had decided on this, a shot rang out, followed by a mad crash into the tall grass. I rushed forward but could see nothing. I started on my way again, meeting an Aussie who was loudly cursing his bad shooting luck.

I have yet to see my first wallaby.

PVT. IRVING KAPNER

AUSTRALIA



CAMP UPTON, N. Y. CPL. C. ARDOVINO

THE NEW CORPORAL

His head expands an inch or two;
His chest grows somewhat broader.
He tells himself he'll only do
What corporals really oughter.

He wears his chevrons day and night—
Assumes an air of dignity
For fear some little private might
Mistake his seniority.

His buttons shine (a plug for Blitz)
You never hear him gripe.
He knows that "Them that has, they gits"
—He wants another stripe.

PVT. SAMUEL LEBOW
MACHINE RECORDS UNIT,
HDQ. WESTERN DEFENSE COMMAND, CALIF.

NIGHT OF LOVE

I held her tightly in my arms,
Obsessed by all her lovely charms.
She is the kind of glamour girl
That puts your head into a whirl.

Then, after spoken words as tender,
She whispers softly, "I surrender,"
And as my heart beats heavily
I wake and hear it—Reveille.

AVIATION CADET JACK GOLDBURG
ELLINGTON FIELD, TEX.

I Ride the Sick Roll

Four days in the Army and I'm a casualty.

I was on my way to Miami in a troop train yesterday, assigned to the Army Air Forces, and feeling pretty puffed up about it, since I hope to become a gunner. Was suffering from a bothersome cold, but so were about two-thirds of the other boys, all of whom had been subjected to Fort Dix's arctic conditions.

My mistake was to go to the Medical Corps officer aboard and ask for a cough drop or something. The doctor got very excited when he saw my throat. He made me strip for an examination. After examining me, he ordered me to sit by myself and get my stuff moved into his car. He refused to tell me what was wrong, but I thought I knew about half an hour later when my right leg fell asleep. "Infantile paralysis," said I.

Remembering what I could of it, I resorted to the Sister Kenny method, with remarkable results—my right leg woke up and my left leg fell asleep. I then decided it wasn't infantile paralysis, but pneumonia. It then occurred to me that I might get tossed out of 1-A, or even out of the Army. I was really a mess.

When the train finally stopped, at Petersburg, Va., an ambulance, which had been wired for, sped up with sirens screaming. The doctor took the ambulance sergeant aside, whispered something into his ear. The sergeant seemed to turn pale; and he hastily ushered me toward the ambulance, while the doctor got back on the train, which steamed away.

"For God's sake, man," I pleaded with the sergeant, "what's the matter with me?"

"The doc says you've got a cold in the nose," replied the unfeeling sergeant.

I was fit to be tied. Every other guy on the train had as bad a cold as I, and they were on their way to Miami, and here I was, in an ambulance in Petersburg.

After I recovered from my rage, I noticed that I had about recovered from my cold, too. There was nothing for me to do but climb into the ambulance though, so I did, and off we went, on two wheels.

My arrival at the hospital here was a minor sensation. Temperature and pulse, normal. Appetite, ravenous. The Man From Mars.

I was put into a good frame of mind by the doctor who received me here. He told me that they'd get me a Pullman ticket for Miami as soon as they could untangle the red tape. That will probably take until Thursday. Meantime, I live on the fat of the land.

PVT. DICK CARTER

POST HOSPITAL,
CAMP LEE, VA.

"I know, sir, but the natives dress like this and anyway it's more comfortable."

AEF PVT. GEORGE BLINN

"Wait, wait, wait. It used to drive me nuts. Always that fifteen minute wait while she powdered her nose."

HAWAII CPL. ALLEN A. KLEINWAKS

"Sir, is this grass OK for the camouflage?"

HAWAII PVT. GEORGE CONANT

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SPORTS: MIDSHIPMEN CHEER FOR WEST POINT ELEVEN AT SCREWIEST ARMY-NAVY GAME IN HISTORY

By Sgt. Lloyd Shearer

IT TOOK a war to do it. But at the Army-Navy game this year two battalions of midshipmen yelled themselves hoarse, rooting for the football team from West Point.

For these Navy men it was a disappointing day. Navy beat the pants off the Army, 14-0.

If this sounds screwy to you, it's just because the 1942 Army-Navy tussle was just about the screwiest spectacle in football since the Yale-Princeton game of 1940, when a drunk climbed down from the stands, raced onto the field and tackled a ball carrier. Only this was even screwier.

To begin with, the game, originally scheduled for an audience of 100,000 in the Municipal Stadium in Philadelphia, was moved to Thompson Stadium in Annapolis where it was played in an atmosphere of exclusive privacy. Unless you lived within a 10-mile radius of the Naval Academy you couldn't buy a ticket for the love of Hedy Lamarr. The idea was to save gas and oil.

A group of soldiers from nearby Fort Meade offered to hike the 12 miles if they could attend the game, but some second looey said they wore rubber heels on their shoes and that would defeat the point of the entire project. Not even the crack corps of cadets from West Point were permitted to watch their own buddies get licked for the fourth consecutive year. General Marshall himself was banned from the game because he didn't live at Annapolis, and President Roosevelt couldn't even apply for admission because his residence happens to be outside the 10-mile limit. It was really a very closed affair staged, as one announcer put it, for the benefit of the high school boys and girls of Annapolis.

In all truth, it must be said there were a handful of colonels on the sidelines. A ticket-taker told us some of these crashed the gate by saying they were assistant coaches for the Army, while others steadfastly claimed to be masseurs, umpires, spotters, dry cleaners, "in charge of the coca colas," and even air-raid wardens. You could count the Army uniforms present, however, on the fingers of three hands. That's why the Navy was cheering for the Army.

"It's got something to do with sportsmanship," a retired Naval officer explained to his angered wife, as she indignantly demanded to know why half the midshipmen were singing "On Brave Old Army Team."

"You see, my dear," the poor old guy said, "the cadets can't be here today, so we've loaned them half our cheering section, half our band, and half our cheer leaders."

"I still don't see," countered his wife, "why they have to be so enthusiastic about it."

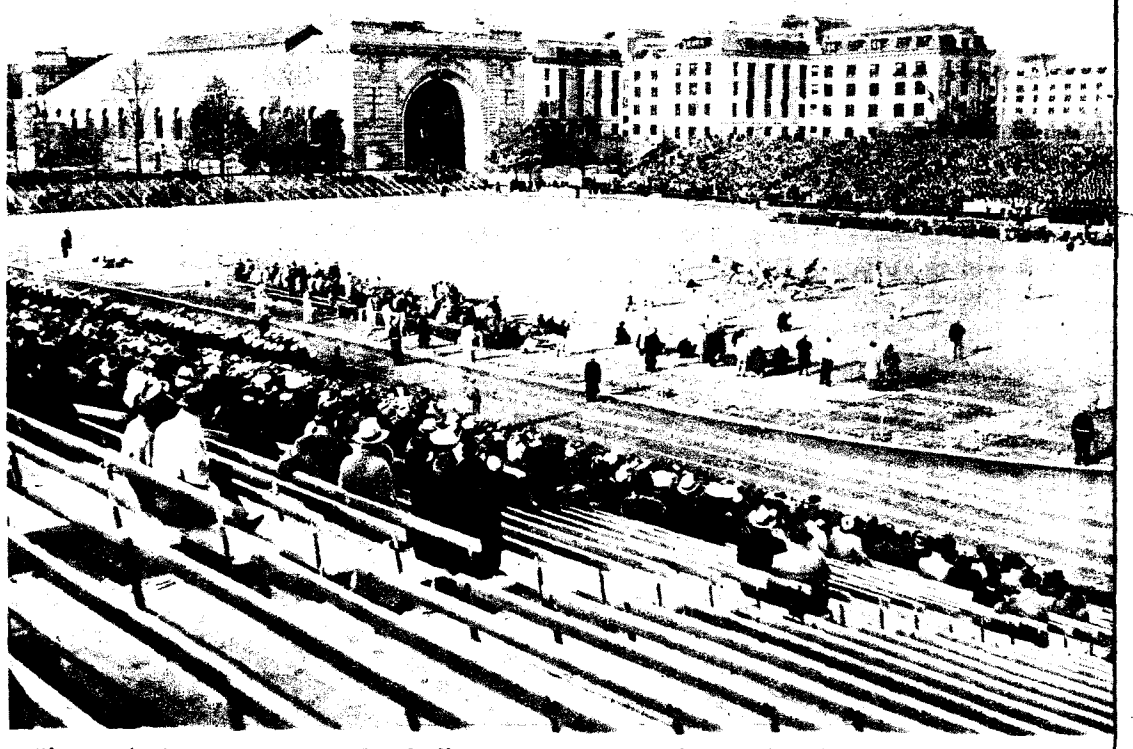
"Because," whispered the officer, "they know it's not going to do the Army one damn bit of good." And the old guy was right. It was very definitely Navy's day.

The highly vaunted Army backfield supposedly three deep, never could get started. With the exception of one play, a 50-yard forward thrown in sheer desperation during the last period, Army spent most of the afternoon in the shadows of its own goal posts. The 14-0 score was no indication of the Navy's superiority. Six times in the first half Navy was within Army's 10-yard stripe.

After the game in a short-wave broadcast to the troops overseas, Earl "Red" Blaik, the Army coach, said: "The Army ran into one of the finest charging lines we've ever faced. Navy's team was a good deal better than anyone, particularly the sports writers thought. The way those fellows played today . . . the Japs and the Nazis had better watch out. Our Navy is tops."

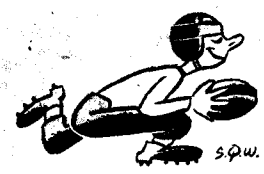
Jim Kelleher, an Army player, who oddly enough had spent his first year in the Navy, was a bit more specific. "It was like playing against eleven tanks all afternoon. They refused to stop. I sure am glad we're fighting this war along with the Navy."

Japanese papers, please copy.



The exclusive Army-Navy football game at Annapolis. Notice the empty seats in the stadium. In the picture below, Navy gets stopped at Army's goal line but the Middies won easily just the same, 14-0.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL



(This is practically the final standing of the 1942 college football season. Only a few Pacific Coast Conference and post-season bowl games remained to be played as this issue went to press.)

ALABAMA
54—S. W. La. In..... 0
21—Miss. State..... 6
27—Pensacola Tr..... 0
8—Tennessee 0
14—Kentucky 0
10—Georgia 21
29—So. Carolina 0
0—Ga. Tech..... 7
27—Vanderbilt 7
19—Ga. Pre-Fl.....35

ARMY
14—Lafayette 0
28—Cornell 8
34—Columbia 6
14—Harvard 0
0—Pennsylvania 19
0—Notre Dame.....13
19—V. P. I. 7
40—Princeton 7
0—Navy 14

AUBURN
20—Chattanooga 7
0—Ga. Tech.....15
27—Tulane 13
0—Florida 6
6—Georgetown 6
14—Villanova 6
0—Miss. State 6
14—Ga. Pre-Fl.....41
25—L. S. U..... 7
27—Georgia 13
41—Clemson 13

BAYLOR
88—Waco Flyers..... 0
6—Hardin-Sim's 13
18—Okla. A. & M....12
20—Arkansas 7
6—Texas A. & M.... 0
10—T. C. U..... 7
0—Texas 20
0—Tulsa 24
6—So. Methodist.... 6
0—Rice 20

BOSTON COLLEGE
33—West Virginia.... 0
14—Clemson 7
7—N. C. Pre-Fl..... 6
27—Wake Forest 0
47—Georgetown 0
28—Temple 0
56—Fordham 6
37—Boston U..... 0
12—Holy Cross 55

BROWN
28—Rhode Island 0
28—Columbia 21
7—Lafayette 0
13—Princeton 32
0—Yale 27
20—Holy Cross 14
0—Harvard 7
0—Colgate 13

CALIFORNIA
6—St. Mary's 0
8—Ore. State 13
6—Santa Clara..... 7
0—U. C. L. A.....21
19—Washington 6
20—Oregon 7
7—So. California....21
13—Montana 0
7—Stanford 26

CLEMSON
32—Presbyterian 13
0—V. M. I..... 0
6—N. C. State.....
7—Boston College ..14
18—So. Carolina 6
6—Wake Forest 19
0—Geo. Washington. 7
6—Jacksonville Tr..24
12—Furman 7
13—Auburn 41

COLGATE
49—St. Lawrence 0
18—Cornell 6
27—Dartmouth 19
0—Duke 34
10—Penn State 13
6—Holy Cross 6
35—Columbia 26
14—Syracuse 0
13—Brown 0

COLUMBIA
39—Ft. Monmouth ... 0
34—Maine 2
21—Brown 28
6—Army .....3[illegible]
12—Pennsylvania ...42
14—Cornell 13
26—Colgate 35
9—Navy 13
13—Dartmouth 26

CORNELL
20—Lafayette 16
6—Colgate 18
8—Army 28
0—Penn State 0
7—Syracuse 12
13—Columbia 14
13—Yale 7
21—Dartmouth 19
7—Pennsylvania 34

DARTMOUTH
17—Holy Cross 6
58—Miami (O.) 7
19—Colgate 27
14—Harvard 2
7—Yale 17
14—Wm. & Mary.....35
19—Princeton 7
19—Cornell 21
26—Columbia 13

DUKE
21—Davidson 0
7—Wake Forest 20
12—Ga. Pre-Fl.....26
34—Colgate 0
28—Pittsburgh 0
7—Georgia Tech. ...26
42—Maryland 0
13—North Carolina ..13
47—N. C. State..... 0
0—Jacksonville Tr...13

DUQUESNE
26—Waynesburg 0
25—Holy Cross 0
33—Kansas State 0
6—No. Carolina 13
7—Manhattan 10
14—St. Vincent 0
7—St. Mary's..... 7
6—Miss. State 28
6—Villanova 0
13—Lakehurst Tr..... 0

FLORIDA
7—Jacksonville Tr...20
45—Rand.-Macon 0
26—Tampa 6
6—Auburn 0
3—Villanova 13
12—Miss. State 26
0—Maryland 13
0—Georgia 75
0—Miami 12
7—Georgia Tech....20

FORDHAM
14—Purdue 7
14—Tennessee 40
0—No. Carolina 0
23—West Virginia ..14
7—St. Mary's 0
13—Louisiana State..26
6—Boston College ..56
20—Missouri 12
6—N. C. Pre-Fl..... 0

GEORGIA
7—Kentucky 6
14—Jacksonville Tr... 0
40—Furman 7
48—Mississippi 13
40—Tulane 0
35—Cincinnati 13
21—Alabama 10
75—Florida 0
40—Chattanooga 0
13—Auburn 27
34—Georgia Tech.... 0

GEORGIA TECH
15—Auburn 0
13—Notre Dame 6
30—Chattanooga 12
33—Davidson 0
21—Navy 0
26—Duke 7
47—Kentucky 7
7—Alabama 0
20—Florida 7
0—Georgia 34

HARVARD
0—N. C. Pre-Fl.....13
7—Penn 19
7—Wm. & Mary..... 7
2—Dartmouth 14
0—Army 14
19—Princeton 14
7—Michigan 35
7—Brown 0
3—Yale 7

HOLY CROSS
6—Dartmouth 17
0—Duquesne 25
60—Ft. Totten 0
0—Syracuse 19
28—N. C. State..... 0
6—Colgate 6
14—Brown 20
13—Temple 0
28—Manhattan 0
55—Boston College...12

ILLINOIS
46—So. Dakota 0
67—Butler 0
20—Minnesota 13
12—Iowa 7
14—Notre Dame 21
14—Michigan 28
14—Northwestern ... 7
20—Ohio State 44
0—Gt. Lakes N. S... 6
20—Camp Grant 0

INDIANA
53—Butler 0
21—Ohio State 32
12—Nebraska 0
19—Pittsburgh 7
13—Iowa 14
6—Iowa Pre-Fl. 26
7—Minnesota 0
54—Kansas State..... 0
20—Purdue 0
51—Fort Knox..... 0

IOWA
26—Wash. (St. L.)... 7
27—Nebraska 0
0—Great Lakes 25
33—Camp Grant 16
7—Illinois 12
14—Indiana 13
13—Purdue 7
6—Wisconsin 0
7—Minnesota 27
14—Michigan 28

KANSAS
0—Marquette 14
34—Ga. Pre-Fl. 0
0—Denver 17
6—T. C. U.....14
0—Oklahoma 25
19—Kas. State 7
7—Nebraska 14
19—Wash. U. (St. L.). 7
13—Iowa State.....20
13—Missouri 42

KENTUCKY
6—Georgia 7
35—Xavier (O.) 19
53—W. and L..... 0
6—Vanderbilt 7
21—Va. Tech 21
0—Alabama 14
7—Georgia Tech 47
0—W. Virginia 7
0—Tennessee 26

LOUISIANA STATE
40—La. St. Normal... 0
16—Tex. A. & M..... 7
14—Rice 27
16—Miss. State 6
21—Mississippi 7
34—Ga. Pre-Fl. 0
0—Tennessee 26
26—Fordham 13
7—Auburn 25
18—Tulane 6

MICHIGAN
9—Great Lakes 0
20—Mich. State 0
14—Iowa Pre-Fl. 26
34—Northwestern ...16
14—Minnesota 16
28—Illinois 14
35—Harvard 7
32—Notre Dame 20
7—Ohio State 21
28—Iowa 14

MINNESOTA
50—Pittsburgh 7
6—Iowa Pre-Fl. 7
13—Illinois 20
15—Nebraska 2
16—Michigan 14
19—Northwestern ... 7
0—Indiana 7
27—Iowa 7
6—Wisconsin 20

MISS. STATE
35—Union 2
6—Alabama 21
6—L. S. U.....16
33—Vanderbilt 0
26—Florida 12
6—Auburn 0
7—Tulane 0
28—Duquesne 6
34—Mississippi 13

MISSOURI
31—Ft. Riley 0
38—St. Louis 7
26—Colorado 13
9—Wisconsin 17
46—Kansas State 2
45—Iowa State 6
0—Great Lakes 17
26—Nebraska 6
6—Oklahoma 6
12—Fordham 20
42—Kansas 13

NAVY
0—Wm. & Mary..... 3
35—Virginia 0
0—Princeton 10
13—Yale 6
0—Georgia Tech 21
0—Notre Dame 9
7—Penn 0
13—Columbia 9
14—Army 0

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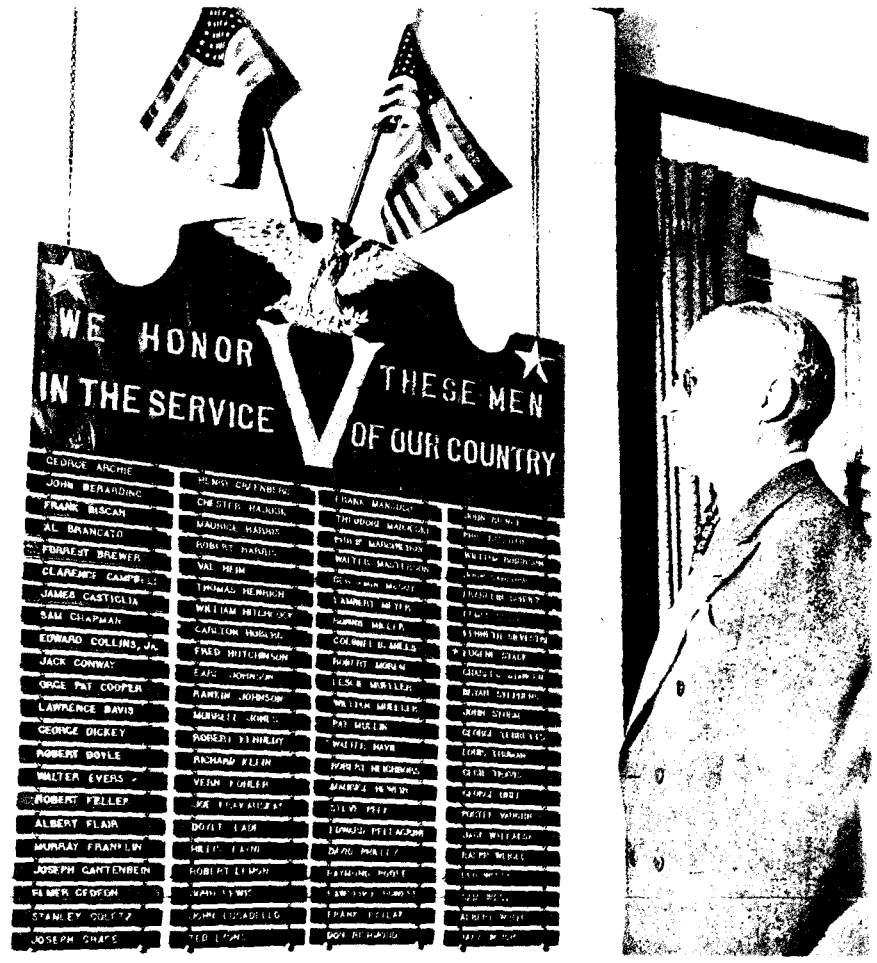
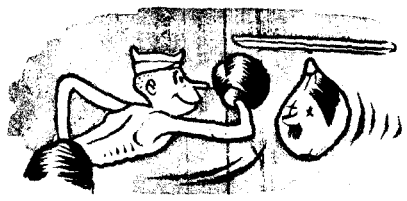
BIGGEST FOOTBALL UPSET OF THE YEAR—was Holy Cross's 55-12 shellacking of undefeated and untied Boston College. The Crusaders, who weren't supposed to stand a chance against the mighty Eagles, are shown here after the game cheering their coach, Ank Scanlan.



AMERICAN LEAGUERS IN UNIFORM—President Will Harridge of the American League inspects the names of players on the new service plaque in his Chicago office.

SPORT SHORTS



Sports writers and broadcasters throughout the U. S. have voted Frank Sinkwich of Georgia the Heisman Memorial Trophy for 1942, thus making the Youngstown, O., flash officially the outstanding college football player of the year.

Sinkwich received 1,059 votes, a higher total than even Tommy Harmon received in 1940. Second was Paul Governali of Columbia, with 218 votes, while Clint Castleberry, Georgia Tech star, ran third.

Don Budge has been ranked first among the pro tennis players this year. **Bobby Riggs** is second and **Wayne Sabin** third. . . . The Navy really goes in for sports as a conditioner in their pre-flight schools. Now that a highly-successful football season is over, the Iowa Pre-Flighters are turning to wrestling as a varsity sport. Coach is **Lt. Dave Bartelma**, former Minnesota wrestling coach. . . . Pennsylvania hunters taking the field this week at the start of the 12-day deer season have been asked by the Game Commission to turn in hides of their trophies to be made into gloves, vests and hoods for the armed forces and merchant marine. . . .

Football relations between **Notre Dame** and **Southern California** were strained to the breaking point after their recent game, won by the Irish, 13-0. Practically more ground was gained on penalties for unnecessary roughness than by runs and there were several fights and near-riots. . . . The touchdown pass record for the season has been won by **Jackie Fellows** of the Fresno State Bulldogs, who tossed 21 of them. . . . **Charlie Ruffing**, Yankee pitcher, is working in a defense plant this winter instead of playing his customary golf. . . . There are 1,525 players from the minor leagues in the armed forces, and 714 others in some branch of war industry.

Here's An All-American Jawbreaker Grid Team

Norfolk, Neb. — Dr. Lucien Stark, after picking All-American "Jawbreaker" football teams for 12 years, gave these the nod for the 1942 season:

Kuczynski	**LE**	**Penn. U.**
Czarboski	**LT**	**Notre Dame**
Radulescu	**LG**	**Mich. State**
Domnanovich	**C**	**Ala.**
Ryckeley	**RG**	**Ga. Tech**
Jarmoluk	**RT**	**Temple**
Suseoff	**RE**	**Wash. State**
Vucksanovich	**Q**	**Fordham**
Joe	**LH**	**Penn. State**
Cycenas	**RH**	**Purdue**
Fekete	**F**	**Ohio State**

How did that fellow named Joe get in there, doctor?

Solution of puzzle on Page 19.

NEBRASKA
26—Iowa State 0
0—Iowa 27
0—Indiana 12
2—Minnesota 15
7—Oklahoma 0
14—Kansas 7
6—Missouri 26
0—Pittsburgh 6
0—Iowa Pre-Fl. 46
0—Kansas State 19

NORTH CAROLINA
6—Wake Forest 0
18—So. Carolina 6
0—Fordham 0
13—Duquesne 6
14—Tulane 29
14—N. C. State 21
43—Davidson 7
13—Duke 13
28—Virginia 13

NORTHWESTERN
12—Iowa Pre-Fl. 20
3—Texas 0
6—Purdue 7
16—Michigan 34
6—Ohio State 20
7—Minnesota 19
7—Illinois 14
19—Wisconsin 20
20—Notre Dame 27
0—Great Lakes 48

NOTRE DAME
7—Wisconsin 7
6—Ga. Tech 13
27—Stanford 0
28—Iowa Pre-Fl. 0
21—Illinois 14
9—Navy 0
13—Army 0
20—Michigan 32
27—Northwestern 20
13—So. California 0

OHIO STATE
59—Ft. Knox 0
32—Indiana 21
28—So. Calif. 12
26—Purdue 0
20—Northwestern 6
7—Wisconsin 17
59—Pittsburgh 19
44—Illinois 20
21—Michigan 7
41—Iowa Pre-Fl. 12

OKLAHOMA
0—Okla. A. & M. 0
0—Tulsa 23
0—Texas 7
25—Kansas 0
0—Nebraska 7
14—Iowa State 7
76—Kansas State 0
6—Missouri 6
7—Temple 14

OREGON
9—Calif. Pre-Fl. 10
0—Wash. State 7
7—Washington 15
28—Idaho 0
0—California 20
14—U. C. L. A. 7
0—So. California 40
2—Oregon State 39

OREGON STATE
32—Idaho 0
13—California 8
7—U. C. L. A. 30
0—Santa Clara 7
13—Wash. State 26
0—Washington 13
33—Montana 0
13—Stanford 49
39—Oregon 2
7—Michigan State 7

PENNSYLVANIA
6—Ga. Pre-Fl. 14
19—Harvard 7
35—Yale 6
6—Princeton 6
42—Columbia 12
19—Army 0
0—Navy 7
7—Penn State 13
34—Cornell 7

PITTSBURGH
7—Minnesota 50
20—S. M. U. 7
6—Great Lakes 7
7—Indiana 19
0—Duke 28
19—Carnegie Tech 6
19—Ohio State 59
6—Nebraska 0
6—Penn State 14

PRINCETON
20—Lakehurst Tr. 6
7—Williams 19
10—Navy 0
6—Penn 6
32—Brown 13
14—Harvard 19
7—Dartmouth 19
6—Yale 13
7—Army 40

PURDUE
7—Fordham 14
0—Vanderbilt 26
7—Northwestern 6
0—Ohio State 26
0—Wisconsin 13
7—Iowa 13
0—Great Lakes 42
6—Michigan State 19
0—Indiana 20

SANTA CLARA
12—Utah 0
14—Stanford 6
7—California 6
7—Oregon State 0
6—U. C. L. A. 14
8—San Francisco 6
21—Loyola 0
20—St. Mary's 0
6—Cal. Pre-Fl. 13

SO. CALIFORNIA
13—Tulane 27
0—Washington 0
12—Ohio State 28
26—Wash. State 12
6—Stanford 14
21—California 7
40—Oregon 0
0—Notre Dame 13

SO. METHODIST
26—No. Texas T. 7
7—Pittsburgh 20
6—Hardin-Sim's 7
6—Temple 6
21—Corp. Christi PF. 6
7—Texas 21
20—Texas A. & M. 27
14—Arkansas 6
6—Baylor 6
6—T. C. U. 14

STANFORD
0—Wash. State 6
6—Santa Clara 14
0—Notre Dame 27
54—Idaho 7
14—So. Calif. 6
7—U. C. L. A. 20
20—Washington 7
49—Oregon State 13
26—California 7
28—Calif. Pre-Fl. 13

SYRACUSE
58—Clarkson 6
25—Boston U. 0
13—Western Res. 0
19—Holy Cross 0
12—Cornell 7
0—No. Car. Pre-Fl. 9
13—Penn State 18
0—Colgate 14
12—Rutgers 7

TEMPLE
0—Georgetown 7
7—V. M. I. 6
7—Bucknell 7
6—So. Methodist 6
0—N. C. PF 34
7—Michigan State 7
0—Boston College 28
0—Holy Cross 13
14—Oklahoma 7
7—Villanova 20

TENNESSEE
0—So. Carolina 0
40—Fordham 14
34—Dayton 6
0—Alabama 8
52—Furman 7
26—Louisiana State 0
34—Cincinnati 12
14—Mississippi 0
26—Kentucky 0
19—Vanderbilt 7

TEXAS
40—Corpus Christi 0
64—Kansas State 0
0—Northwestern 3
7—Oklahoma 0
47—Arkansas 6
12—Rice 7
21—So. Methodist 7
20—Baylor 0
7—T. C. U. 13
12—Texas A & M. 6

TEXAS A. & M.
7—L. S. U. 16
19—Texas Tech 0
7—Corpus Christi 18
2—T. C. U. 7
0—Baylor 6
41—Arkansas 0
27—So. Methodist 20
0—Rice 0
6—Texas 12

TEXAS CHRISTIAN
7—U. C. L. A. 6
13—Arkansas 6
41—Kansas 6
7—Texas A. & M. 2
21—Pensacola Tr. 0
7—Baylor 10
13—Texas 7
0—Rice 26
14—So. Methodist 6

TULANE
27—So. California 13
13—Auburn 27
18—Rice 7
0—Georgia 40
29—No. Carolina 14
28—Vanderbilt 21
0—Miss. State 7
0—Ga. Pre-Fl. 7
6—L. S. U. 18

U. C. L. A.
6—T. C. U. 7
7—Calif. Pre-Fl. 18
30—Oregon State 7
21—California 0
14—Santa Clara 6
20—Stanford 7
7—Oregon 14
14—Washington 10

VANDERBILT
52—Tenn. Tech 0
26—Purdue 0
7—Kentucky 6
0—Miss. State 33
66—Centre 0
21—Tulane 28
19—Mississippi 0
27—Union 0
7—Alabama 27
7—Tennessee 19

WASHINGTON
27—Coll.-Pacific 0
0—So. Calif. 0
15—Oregon 7
35—Montana 0
6—California 19
13—Oregon State 0
7—Stanford 20
0—Cal. Pre-Fl. 0
10—U. C. L. A. 14
0—Wash. State 0

WASH. STATE
6—Stanford 0
7—Oregon 0
68—Montana 16
12—So. California 26
26—Oregon State 13
25—Mich. State 13
7—Idaho 0
6—2nd Air Force 6

WISCONSIN
7—Camp Grant 0
7—Notre Dame 7
35—Marquette 7
17—Missouri 9
13—Great Lakes 7
13—Purdue 0
17—Ohio State 7
0—Iowa 6
20—Northwestern 19
20—Minnesota 6

YALE
33—Lehigh 6
6—Pennsylvania 35
6—Navy 13
17—Dartmouth 7
27—Brown 0
7—Cornell 13
13—Princeton 6
7—Harvard 3

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Pictures: Cover, Sgt. George Aarons. 3, PFC Robert McGregor. 4, INP. 5, Acme. 6, upper left, USN, lower center, U.S. Sig Corps. 7, 8, 9, Cpl. Ben Schnall. 10, upper left, PA, lower right, INP. 12, INP, Acme, WW, Acme, INP, Camp Lee PRO, USMC, WW, Acme. 13, Acme, Acme, WW, PA, Acme, INP, USN, U.S. Army. 17, OWI. 18, Bruno of Hollywood. 19, top & center, Warner Bros., bottom, MGM. 22, top, Acme, bottom, PA. 23, left, INP, right, Acme

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MEN OVERSEAS: Can You Top These?

THE ARMY WEEKLY

Here's a chance for fame, fortune and 52 issues of YANK! The entries in our super-colossal contest are all in for the GI's still on American shores, but if you're overseas you have until Dec. 31st to get under the wire. You don't have to sell perfume or remove any box tops—just top these early entries. A one year's subscription to YANK goes to both the winning entrant and the sleuth who discovers him. Measure your pal's boots and belt, and send the figures to CONTEST EDITOR, Yank, 205 E. 42nd St., New York City.

HERE'S THE SCOREBOARD

CLASSIFICATION	NAME		LOCATION	NOMINATED BY
HEAVIEST MAN The hill that just moved may be a 300-pound private. If so, tell us his name and poundage. The leading candidates are over 275 pounds, on the hoof.	Sgt. GEORGE B. MARKLEY	252 lbs.	Stoney Field, Charleston, S. C.	T/5 MARTIN V. O'NEILL
	S/Sgt. PAUL STARRETT	320 lbs.	Stringtown Intern. Camp, Okla.	S/Sgt. FREEMAN H. BEETS
	Pvt. HENRY	330 lbs.	Briggs Field, Tex.	Sgt. JOHN L. MOHN
	Pfc. ORIS N. TYRE	324 lbs.	South Plains Flying School, Tex.	S/Sgt. MARVIN W. KRIEGER
	Pvt. STANLEY MANNING	303 lbs.	Recep. Cen., Ft. Lewis, Wash.	1st Lt. R. V. VAN SCHOICK
	Pvt. MARVIN C. YOUNG	345 lbs.		
	M/Sgt. MORRIS YURAK	262 lbs.	Governors Island, N. Y.	S/Sgt. CLEMENT LITWIN
OLDEST ENLISTED MAN That gray beard may not have grown waiting for a PX phone; the owner may be a veteran of Bull Run. For the biggest sleeve of hashmarks there's a prize.	S/Sgt. MARION W. KNIGHT	23 yrs.	Fourth Service Command, Miami Beach, Fla.	W.O. WILLIAM J. BUKOVAC
	M/Sgt. HAROLD S. VELLA	23 yrs.		
	M/Sgt. KENNETH L. GIBSON	19 yrs.		
LARGEST FEET So far we have a couple of guys who have trouble getting into size 12s. Join us in our search for the dogface with the biggest dogs.	Pvt. ABRAHAM PULLMAN	12	10 Mile Station Air Base, S. C.	Pfc. MIKE M. ALMAGUER
	Pfc. ROBERT TAYLOR	13½	Eatontown, N. J.	Pvt. PETER A. DeDIO
	Pvt. JAMES AYERS	15	Bowman Field, Ky.	Pfc. DOUGLAS WILLIAMS
	Pvt. MARTINI	13	Fort Ontario, N. Y.	Pvt. JERRY HOURIHAN
	Pvt. STACY BURTON	13½	Pendleton Field, Ore.	Pvt. FRED JARY
	Candidate WALTER BAZIUK	15 AA	Fort Monmouth, N. J.	Cpl. PAUL WEILBACHER
	Pfc. EDWARD A. BUDNIT	14½	Fort Riley, Kan.	Pvt. DAVID L. O'TOOLE
	Pvt. BOB MIESNER	14½	Scott Field, Ill.	Pvt. JAY B. HAYES
	Pvt. CECIL FLOYD	15 EE	Fort Dix, N. J.	Pvt. J. B. HENSON
	T/Cpl. EUGENE BEHR	14½ EE	Camp Edwards, Mass.	Pfc. J. J. SUITER
	Sgt. MANFRED BLUMENTHAL	13 B	Camp Gordon, Ga.	Cpl. ROBERT C. FOUHY
	Pfc. WOODROW E. THOMAS	12 EEEEEE	Springtown Intern. Camp, Okla.	S/Sgt. FREEMAN H. BEETS
	Pvt. JOHN F. FENTON	13	Fort Geo. G. Meade, Md.	Cpl. E. W. COCKHU
	Pvt. WEBBER	14 C	Fort Sam Houston, Tex.	S/Sgt. THOMAS HOPP
	Pvt. H. LIEBERTHAL	12½ C	Randolph Field, Tex.	Pvt. STANLEY WOLLMAN
	Pvt. J. LIEBERTHAL	12½ D	San Antonio Cadet Center, Tex.	
	Pfc. ARTHUR W. KIMBERLEY	14	Bradley Field, Conn.	Cpl. FRANK GELTMAN
BIGGEST FAMILY Has your first sergeant got three sons in the next company and an uncle up in regimental headquarters? Round 'em up and send in their names and addresses to the Contest Editor.	COENEN BROS.	Four		Pvt. CLARENCE E. GILLETTE Luke Field, Ariz.
	GILLETTE BROS.	Five		Pvt. ROBERT T. TURNER, Utah
	TURNER FAMILY	Six		Capt. WAYNE E. DOWNING Presidio, San Francisco, Calif.
	DOWNING BROS.	Five		Sgt. ED. CORBETT Davis-Monthan Field, Ariz.
	NOLFO BROS.	Five		
YOUNGEST MASTER SERGEANT Does your six-striper carry talcum to keep his diapers from chafing? Is he still humid behind the headflaps? Let us know about him. We might be able to coach him for his Eagle Scout rating. So far we have all these master sergeants who are only nineteen years old. Aren't there any eighteen or seventeens?	MURRAY J. KAPLON	b. July, '22	Fort Jackson, S. C.	Sgt. K. J. DOE
	JOHN W. KRSUL	b. Jan., '20	Camp Pickett, Va.	Pvt. PAUL D. DAVIS
	JOHN F. MAQUIRE	b. Dec., '19	Fort Devens, Mass.	Cpl. MILLARD RICE
	JAMES P. NEAL	b. May, '23	Eglin Field, Fla.	Pvt. SID BELLER
	WAYNE ROENIGK	b. July, '22	Aberdeen Proving Ground, Md.	T/Sgt. JAMES H. ROBINSON
	BEN SMARDZICH	Age 21	Gardner Field, Fla.	A/C ALBERT V. CONDERACCI
	MICHAEL J. SAVINA	b. Oct., '22	Australia	Sgt. MORRIS ROSENTHAL
	GEORGE F. STAUFER	Age 20	Camp Steward, Ga.	Sgt. VIRGIL R. YOUNG
	ROBERT E. VIDAURRI	b. Sept., '22	Brownwood, Texas	Cpl. R. E. KENNY
	CLAUDE P. MOORE	b. Aug., '21	Camp Roberts, Calif.	T/Sgt. L. H. POHL
	D. J. BOWE	b. Dec., '21	Australia	T/Sgt. E. W. COCKHU
	W. P. DUVAL	b. Nov., '21	Hamilton Field, Calif.	Cpl. ALFRED DOTY
	N. A. GREEN	b. Jan., '22	Alaska	Pvt. LOUIS PALLOCK
	LEO BURDETT	Age 22	Fort Geo. G. Meade, Md.	M/Sgt. V. E. STREETER
	RALPH CHANEY	Age 19	Camp Upton, N. Y.	1st Lt. P. S. SHEPARDSON
	J. CROUAN	Age 20	Postmaster, N. Y. C.	S/Sgt. RAY KEYES
	GERALD W. EVERETT	b. Nov., '22	Camp Robinson, Ark.	T/5 M. V. O'NEILL
	ARTHUR FLANNAGEN	Age 20	Hamilton Field, Calif.	Pvt. WALTER CROWLEY
	ROBERT F. GREGORY	b. July, '22	Foster Field, Tex.	Cpl. CHARLES PENROSE
	DONALD F. HAYDEN	Age 24	Fort Moultrie, S. C.	T/5 ARTHUR A. BERTRAM
	CLARENCE M. KERLEY	b. June, '20	Minter Field, Calif.	
	FLOYD B. KIESCHNICK	b. Dec., '22	Moore Field, Tex.	
	JACK BAKER	b. Jan., '22	Fort Stevens, Ore.	
	HENRY T. GRUBER	Age 21	Conley Motor Base, Atlanta, Ga.	

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